SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

Homer Saint-Gaudens

Cambridge 1902

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OF

MACBETH

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE (SIR J. REYNOLDS)

SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

MACBETH.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, 56 cents per volume.

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PREFACE.

In this edition of *Macbeth* the text is the result of a careful collation of the Folio of 1623 with all the modern editions that are of any critical value.

In the notes I have been under special obligations to Mr. Horace Howard Furness, who has kindly allowed me to make free use of his "New Variorum" edition of the play (Philadelphia, 1873), in which much of my work was already done to my hand, and who has given me other help which I could hardly have got elsewhere. My indebtedness to him is acknowledged on almost every page, but I do not know how to state it in full.

So much has been written on *Macbeth* that the main difficulty has been in selecting and condensing from it; but, as in former volumes of the series, I have preferred to give too much rather than too little, bearing in mind that the great majority of readers and students have not access to a full Shakespearian library. The *teacher*, whether he have that privilege or not, will find Mr. Furness's edition invaluable for reference. It is a complete *apparatus criticus* compressed into a single volume, presenting in the most convenient form what one would else have to "turn o'er many books" to find, some of them so rare and costly as to be within the reach of only a favored few.

THE HARMUIR, OR HEATH.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION TO MACBETH 9

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY 9

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY 13

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY 15

MACBETH 47

ACT I 49

" II 67

" III 80

" IV 97

" V 115

NOTES 131

THE VILLAGE OF GLAMIS.

GLAMIS CASTLE.

INTRODUCTION TO MACBETH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Macbeth was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 131 to 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It was registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 8th of November, 1623, by Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It was written between 1604 and 1610; the former limit being fixed by the allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (iv. 1. 120), and the latter by the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, who saw the play performed "at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday."* It may then have been a

* This MS. is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The passage referring to *Macbeth* is as follows, the spelling being modernized:

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed first how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of

new play,* but it is more probable, as nearly all the critics agree, that it was written in 1605 or 1606. The accession

Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, king of Codor, for thou shall be a king, but shall beget no kings, etc. Then said Banquo, What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the nymphs, Hail, to thee, Banquo; thou shall beget kings, yet be no king. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan king of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth [*sic*] forthwith Prince of Northumberland, and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so. And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted. The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves; they being fled, they were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so. Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way as he rode. The next night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, to the which also Banquo should have come, he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth. Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunscenanyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth. Observe also how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walked, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

* The Clarendon Press editors think it was, since otherwise Forman

of James made Scottish subjects popular in England, and the tale of *Macbeth and Banquo* would be one of the first to be brought forward, as Banquo was held to be an ancestor of the new king. A Latin "interlude" on this subject was performed at Oxford in 1605, on the occasion of the king's visit to the city; but there is no reason for supposing, as Farmer did, that Shakespeare got the hint of his tragedy from that source.

It is barely possible that there was an earlier play on the subject of Macbeth. Collier finds in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, under date of August 27, 1596, the entry of a "Ballad of Makdobeth," which he gives plausible reasons for supposing to have been a drama, and not a "ballad" properly so called. There appears to be a reference to the same piece in Kemp's *Nine Days' Wonder*, printed in 1600, where it is called a "miserable stolne story," the work of "a penny Poet."

Steevens maintained that Shakespeare was indebted, in the supernatural parts of *Macbeth*, to *The Witch*, a play by Thomas Middleton, which was discovered in manuscript towards the close of the last century. Malone at first took the same view of the subject, but afterwards came to the conclusion

"would scarcely have been at the pains to make an elaborate summary of the plot." But that merely shows that the play was new to *him*, and that the story made a deep impression upon him.

The same editors find "an obvious allusion to the ghost of Banquo" in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:

> "When thou art at the table with thy friends,
> Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,
> I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
> Invisible to all men but thyself;"

and they think that "this supports the inference that *Macbeth* was in 1611 a new play, and fresh in the recollection of the audience." But Mr. Halliwell finds quite as obvious an allusion to Banquo's ghost in the *Puritan*, printed in 1607: "we'll ha' the ghost i' th' white sheet sit at upper end o' th' table."

that Middleton's play was the later production, and that he must therefore be the plagiarist. The Clarendon Press editors take the ground that there are portions of Macbeth which Shakespeare did not write; that these were interpolated after the poet's death, or at least after he had ceased to be connected with the theatre; and that "the interpolator was, not improbably, Thomas Middleton." Mr. F. G. Fleay also, in a paper read before the New Shakspere Society, June 26, 1874, makes this statement: "*Macbeth* in its present state is an altered copy of the original drama, and the alterations were made by Middleton."*

These views have found little favour with other Shakespearian critics. A more satisfactory explanation of the imperfections of the play ascribes them to the haste with which it was written.† White, who refers its composition to "the period between October, 1604, and August, 1605," remarks: "I am the more inclined to this opinion from the indications which the play itself affords that it was produced upon an emergency. It exhibits throughout the hasty execution of a grand and clearly conceived design. But the haste is that

* The Clarendon Press editors and Mr. Fleay agree quite closely in regard to the portions of the play which they assign to Middleton. Their criticisms on most of these passages are mentioned in our notes. We may refer those who are interested in the literature of the subject to the C. P. ed. of *Macbeth*, p. viii. fol., Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *Macbeth*, p. 388 fol., *Transactions of New Shakspere Society*, 1874, p. 339 fol. and 498 fol., and Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, part ii., chap. x.

† Mr. F. J. Furnivall, in his introduction to Gervinus's *Commentaries on Shakespeare*, translated by Miss Bunnett (London: 1874), referring to Mr. Fleay's criticisms, says: "Mr. Hales thinks that the change to the trochaic metre* in Hecate's speeches, and their inferior quality, point to a different hand, perhaps Middleton's; but that is all of the play that he or I (who still hesitate) can yet surrender. The wonderful pace at which the play was plainly written—a feverish haste drives it on—will account for many weaknesses in detail."

* This is evidently a slip of the pen. Mr. Furnivall meant to write "to the *iambic* metre." The witches, as Mr. Hales remarks, always speak in trochaics, and Hecate always in iambics (*Trans. of New Shaksp. Soc.* 1874, p. 507).

of a master of his art, who, with conscious command of its resources, and in the frenzy of a grand inspiration, works out his composition to its minutest detail of essential form, leaving the work of surface finish for the occupation of cooler leisure. What the Sistine Madonna was to Raphael, it seems that *Macbeth* was to Shakespeare—a magnificent impromptu; that kind of impromptu which results from the application of well-disciplined powers and rich stores of thought to a subject suggested by occasion. I am inclined to regard *Macbeth* as, for the most part, a specimen of Shakespeare's unelaborated, if not unfinished, writing, in the maturity and highest vitality of his genius. It abounds in instances of extremest compression and most daring ellipsis, while it exhibits in every scene a union of supreme dramatic and poetic power, and in almost every line an imperially irresponsible control of language. Hence, I think, its lack of completeness of versification in certain passages, and also some of the imperfection of the text, the thought in which the compositors were not always able to follow and apprehend."

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

Shakespeare drew the materials for the plot of *Macbeth* from Holinshed's "Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Ireland," the first edition of which was published in 1577, and the second (which was doubtless the one the poet used) in 1586–87.* The extracts from Holinshed in our notes will show that the main incidents are taken from his account of

* Rev. C. E. Moberly, in his edition of *Macbeth* (London: 1872), says that the whole story is told "in *Albion's England*, published just before Elizabeth's death." The first edition of *Albion's England*, containing thirteen "books" of the poem, appeared in 1586, but the story of Macbeth is in the "Fifteenth Book," which forms part of the "Continuance," first published in 1606.

As Shakespeare used the second edition of Holinshed in writing *Richard II.* (see our edition of that play, p. 14), there can be no doubt that he used it for *Macbeth*, which was written later.

two separate events—the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, and that of King Duffe, the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth, by Donwald. It will be seen, too, that Shakespeare has deviated in other respects from the chronicle, especially in the character of Banquo.

Although, as Knight remarks, "the interest of *Macbeth* is not an *historical* interest," so that it matters little whether the action is true or has been related as true, we may add, for the benefit of our younger readers, that the story of the drama is almost wholly apocryphal. The more authentic history is thus summarized by Sir Walter Scott:

"Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather's death, in 1033: he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The Lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed 1003, fighting against Malcolm II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

"Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times;

but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince.* Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighbourhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056."

Whether Shakespeare was ever in Scotland is a question that has been much discussed. Knight (*Biography*, ed. 1865, p. 420 fol.) endeavours to prove that the poet visited that country in 1589, but most of the editors agree that there is no satisfactory evidence of his having ever been there.†

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays."*‡]

Macbeth (generally speaking) is done upon a stronger and more systematic principle of contrast than any other of

* As Rev. Mr. Moberly remarks, this view is confirmed by Mr. E. A. Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, ii. p. 55): "All genuine Scottish tradition points to the reign of Macbeth as a period of unusual peace and prosperity in that disturbed land."

† For a good summary of the discussion see Furness's *Macbeth*, p. 407 fol.

‡ *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 17.

Shakespeare's plays. It moves upon the verge of an abyss, and is a constant struggle between life and death. The action is desperate and the reaction is dreadful. It is a huddling together of fierce extremes, a war of opposite natures which of them shall destroy the other. There is nothing but what has a violent end or violent beginnings. The lights and shades are laid on with a determined hand; the transitions from triumph to despair, from the height of terror to the repose of death, are sudden and startling; every passion brings in its fellow-contrary, and the thoughts pitch and jostle against each other as in the dark. The whole play is an unruly chaos of strange and forbidden things, where the ground rocks under our feet. Shakespeare's genius here took its full swing, and trod upon the farthest bounds of nature and passion. This circumstance will account for the abruptness and violent antitheses of the style, the throes and labour which run through the expression, and from defects will turn them into beauties. "So fair and foul a day," etc. "Such welcome and unwelcome news together." "Men's lives are like the flowers in their caps, dying or ere they sicken." "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." The scene before the castle-gate follows the appearance of the witches on the heath, and is followed by a midnight murder. Duncan is cut off betimes by treason leagued with witchcraft, and Macduff is ripped untimely from his mother's womb to avenge his death. Macbeth, after the death of Banquo, wishes for his presence in extravagant terms, "To all, and him, we thirst," and when his ghost appears, cries out, "Avaunt and quit my sight," and being gone, he is "himself again." . . . In Lady Macbeth's speech, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't," there is murder and filial piety together, and in urging him to fulfil his vengeance against the defenceless king, her thoughts spare the blood neither of infants nor old age. The description of the witches is full of the same contradictory principle;

they "rejoice when good kings bleed,"* they are neither of the earth nor the air, but both; "they should be women, but their beards forbid it;" they take all the pains possible to lead Macbeth on to the height of his ambition, only to betray him "in deeper consequence," and after showing him all the pomp of their art, discover their malignant delight in his disappointed hopes by that bitter taunt, "Why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?" We might multiply such instances everywhere. . . .

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."*†]

In the mind of Lady Macbeth, ambition is represented as the ruling motive, an intense overmastering passion, which is gratified at the expense of every just and generous principle, and every feminine feeling. In the pursuit of her object, she is cruel, treacherous, and daring. She is doubly, trebly dyed in guilt and blood; for the murder she instigates is rendered more frightful by disloyalty and ingratitude, and by the violation of all the most sacred claims of kindred and hospitality. When her husband's more kindly nature shrinks from the perpetration of the deed of horror, she, like an evil genius, whispers him on to his damnation. The full measure of her wickedness is never disguised, the magnitude and atrocity of her crime is never extenuated, forgotten, or forgiven, in the whole course of the play. . . . Lady Macbeth's amazing power of intellect, her inexorable determination of purpose, her superhuman strength of nerve, render her as fearful in herself as her deeds are hateful; yet she is not a mere monster of depravity, with whom we have nothing in common, nor a meteor whose destroying path we watch in ignorant affright and amaze. She is a terrible impersonation of evil

* Mr. Furness, quoting this in his edition of *Macbeth* (p. 415), asks: "Is it not passing strange that Hazlitt should have forgotten that this line is none of Shakespeare's?"

† American ed. (Boston: 1857), p. 443 fol.

passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last—still linked with her sex and with humanity.

We must bear in mind that the first idea of murdering Duncan is not suggested by Lady Macbeth to her husband: it springs within *his* mind, and is revealed to us [i. 3. 130–137] before his first interview with his wife—before she is introduced or even alluded to.

It will be said that the same "horrid suggestion" presents itself spontaneously to her, on the reception of his letter; or, rather, that the letter acts upon her mind as a prophecy of the Weird Sisters on the mind of her husband, kindling the latent passion for empire into a quenchless flame. We are prepared to see the train of evil, first lighted by hellish agency, extend itself to *her* through the medium of her husband; but we are spared the more revolting idea that it originated with her. The guilt is thus more equally divided than we should suppose, when we hear people pitying "the noble nature of Macbeth," bewildered and goaded on to crime, solely or chiefly by the instigation of his wife.

It is true that she afterwards appears the more active agent of the two; but it is less through her preëminence in wickedness than through her superiority of intellect. The eloquence—the fierce, fervid eloquence with which she bears down the relenting and reluctant spirit of her husband, the dexterous sophistry with which she wards off his objections, her artful and affected doubts of his courage—the sarcastic manner in which she lets fall the word coward—a word which no man can endure from another, still less from a woman, and least of all from a woman he loves—and the bold address with which she removes all obstacles, silences all arguments, overpowers all scruples, and marshals the way before him, absolutely make us shrink before the commanding in-

tellect of the woman, with a terror in which interest and admiration are strangely mingled.

Again, in the murdering scene, the obdurate inflexibility of purpose with which she drives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indifference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness that it is produced rather by the exertion of a strong power over herself than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper. This impression of her character is brought home at once to our very hearts with the most profound knowledge of the springs of nature within us, the most subtle mastery over their various operations, and a feeling of dramatic effect not less wonderful. The very passages in which Lady Macbeth displays the most savage and relentless determination are so worded as to fill the mind with the idea of sex, and place the *woman* before us in all her dearest attributes, at once softening and refining the horror and rendering it more intense. Thus when she reproaches her husband for his weakness—"From this time such I account thy love." Again, "Come to my woman's breasts And take my milk for gall," etc. "I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis To love the babe that milks me," etc. And lastly, in the moment of extremest terror comes that unexpected touch of feeling, so startling, yet so wonderfully true to nature—"Had he not resembled my father," etc. Thus in one of Weber's or Beethoven's grand symphonies, some unexpected soft minor chord or passage will steal on the ear, heard amid the magnificent crash of harmony, making the blood pause and filling the eyes with unbidden tears.

It is particularly observable that in Lady Macbeth's concentrated, strong-nerved ambition, the ruling passion of her mind, there is yet a touch of womanhood: she is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other inference

either from her words or her actions. In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself. It is of him she thinks: she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre within *his* grasp. The strength of her affection adds strength to her ambition. Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," yet in the aspect under which Shakespeare has represented the character to us the selfish part of this ambition is kept out of sight. We must remark also, that in Lady Macbeth's reflections on her husband's character, and on that milkiness of nature which she fears "may impede him from the golden round," there is no indication of female scorn: there is exceeding pride, but no egotism, in the sentiment or the expression; no want of wifely or womanly respect and love for *him*, but, on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated. Nor is there any thing vulgar in her ambition; as the strength of her affections lends to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her: hers is the sin of the "star-bright apostate," and she plunges with her husband into the abyss of guilt to procure for "all their days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom." She revels, she luxuriates, in her dream of power. She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain; she perils life and soul for its attainment, with an enthusiasm as perfect, a faith as settled, as that of the martyr who sees at the stake heaven and its crowns of glory opening upon him. . . .

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself, and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon

it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples to attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture; but having committed unflinchingly the crime necessary for the attainment of her purpose, she stops there. After the murder of Duncan, we see Lady Macbeth, during the rest of the play, occupied in supporting the nervous weakness and sustaining the fortitude of her husband. . . . But she is nowhere represented as urging him on to new crimes; so far from it, that when Macbeth darkly hints his purposed assassination of Banquo, and she inquires his meaning, he replies, "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou approve the deed." The same may be said of the destruction of Macduff's family. Every one must perceive how our detestation of the woman had been increased, if she had been placed before us as suggesting and abetting those additional cruelties into which Macbeth is hurried by his mental cowardice.

If my feeling of Lady Macbeth's character be just to the conception of the poet, then she is one who could steel herself to the commission of a crime from necessity and expediency, and be daringly wicked for a great end, but not likely to perpetrate gratuitous murders from any vague or selfish fears. I do not mean to say that the perfect confidence existing between herself and Macbeth could possibly leave her in ignorance of his actions or designs: that heart-broken and shuddering allusion to the murder of Lady Macduff (in the sleeping scene) proves the contrary. But she is nowhere brought before us in immediate connection with these horrors, and we are spared any flagrant proof of her participation in them. . . .

Another thing has always struck me. During the supper scene, . . . her indignant rebuke [to her husband], her low whispered remonstrance, the sarcastic emphasis with which she combats his sick fancies, and endeavours to recall him to himself, have an intenseness, a severity, a bitterness, which

makes the blood creep. Yet, when the guests are dismissed, and they are left alone, she says no more, and not a syllable of reproach or scorn escapes her: a few words in submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and of tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression: it is one of the most masterly and most beautiful traits of character in the whole play.

Lastly, it is clear that in a mind constituted like that of Lady Macbeth conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution was to be displayed to us—but how? Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air-drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. The towering bravery of *her* mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband. We know, or rather feel, that she who could give a voice to the most direful intent, and call on the spirits that wait on mortal thoughts to "unsex her," and "stop up all access and passage of remorse"—to that remorse would have given nor tongue nor sound; and that rather than have uttered a complaint, she would have held her breath and died. To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource, and have disappointed and enfeebled all our previous impressions of her character; yet justice is to be done, and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into that inward hell: the seared brain and broken heart are laid bare before us in the helplessness of slumber. By a judgment the most sublime ever imagined, yet the most unforced, natural, and inevitable, the sleep of her who murdered sleep is no longer repose, but a condensation of resistless horrors which the prostrate intellect and the powerless

will can neither baffle nor repel. We shudder and are satisfied; yet our human sympathies are again touched; we rather sigh over the ruin than exult in it; and after watching her through this wonderful scene with a sort of fascination, we dismiss the unconscious, helpless, despair-stricken murderess with a feeling which Lady Macbeth, in her waking strength, with all her awe-commanding powers about her, could never have excited.

It is here especially we perceive that sweetness of nature which in Shakespeare went hand in hand with his astonishing powers. He never confounds that line of demarcation which eternally separates good from evil, yet he never places evil before us without exciting in some way a consciousness of the opposite good which shall balance and relieve it. . . .

What would not the firmness, the self-command, the enthusiasm, the intellect, the ardent affections of this woman have performed, if properly directed? but the object being unworthy of the effort, the end is disappointment, despair, and death.

The power of religion could alone have controlled such a mind; but it is the misery of a very proud, strong, and gifted spirit, without sense of religion, that instead of looking upward to find a superior, it looks around and sees all things as subject to itself. Lady Macbeth is placed in a dark, ignorant, iron age; her powerful intellect is slightly tinged with its credulity and superstitions, but she has no religious feeling to restrain the force of will. She is a stern fatalist in principle and action—"What is done, is done," and would be done over again under the same circumstances; her remorse is without repentance or any reference to an offended Deity; it arises from the pang of a wounded conscience, the recoil of the violated feelings of nature; it is the horror of the past, not the terror of the future; the torture of self-condemnation, not the fear of judgment; it is strong as her

soul, deep as her guilt, fatal as her resolve, and terrible as her crime.

If it should be objected to this view of Lady Macbeth's character, that it engages our sympathies in behalf of a perverted being, and that to leave her so strong a power upon our feelings in the midst of such supreme wickedness involves a moral wrong, I can only reply in the words of Dr. Channing, that "in this and the like cases our interest fastens on what is *not* evil in the character—that there is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind: and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents."

This is true; and might he not have added that many a powerful and gifted spirit has learned humility and self-government from beholding how far the energy which resides in mind may be degraded and perverted?

[*From Fletcher's "Studies of Shakespeare."**]

Macbeth seems inspired by the very genius of the tempest. This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, which takes its peculiar hue from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the "weird sisters," nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the mainspring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself. A character like this, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness; which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man

* *Studies of Shakespeare, etc.*, by George Fletcher (London, 1847), p. 109 fol.

like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from "horrible imaginings" by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon us amidst universal execration. Such, briefly, are the story and the moral of *Macbeth*. The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, though agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do the "weird sisters" themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece. . . .

The very starting-point for an inquiry into the real, inherent, and habitual nature of Macbeth, independent of those particular circumstances which form the action of the play, lies manifestly, though the critics have commonly overlooked it, in the question, With whom does the scheme of usurping the Scottish crown by the murder of Duncan actually originate? We sometimes find Lady Macbeth talked of as if she were the first contriver of the plot, and suggester of the assassination; but this notion is refuted, not only by implication, in the whole tenor of the piece, but most explicitly in i. 7. 48–52. Most commonly, however, the *witches* (as we find the "weird sisters" pertinaciously miscalled by all sorts of players and of critics) have borne the imputation of

being the first to put this piece of mischief in the hero's mind. Yet the prophetic words in which the attainment of royalty is promised him contain not the remotest hint as to the means by which he is to arrive at it. They are simply "All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter"—an announcement which, it is plain, should have rather inclined a man who was *not* already harbouring a scheme of guilty ambition to wait quietly the course of events. According to Macbeth's own admission, the words of the weird sisters on this occasion convey any thing rather than an incitement to murder to the mind of a man who is not meditating it already. This supernatural soliciting is only made such to the mind of Macbeth by the fact that he is already occupied with a purpose of assassination. This is the true answer to the question which he puts to himself in i. 3. 132–142. . . .

The first thing that strikes us in such a character is the intense selfishness—the total absence both of sympathetic feeling and moral principle—and the consequent incapability of remorse in the proper sense of the term. So far from finding any check to his design in the fact that the king bestows on him the forfeited title of the traitorous thane of Cawdor as an especial mark of confidence in his loyalty, this only serves to whet his own villainous purpose. The dramatist has brought this forcibly home to us in i. 4. 10–58. It is from no "compunctious visiting of nature," but from sheer *moral cowardice*—from fear of *retribution in this life*—that we find Macbeth shrinking, at the last moment, from the commission of his enormous crime. This will be seen the more attentively we consider i. 7. 1–25, and 31–35. In all this we trace a most clear consciousness of the impossibility that he should find of masking his guilt from the public eye—the odium which must consequently fall upon him in the opinions of men—and the retribution it would probably bring upon him. But here is no evidence of true *moral* repugnance, and as little of any religious scruple—"We'd

jump the life to come." The dramatist, by this brief but significant parenthesis, has taken care to leave us in no doubt on a point so momentous towards forming a due estimate of the conduct of his hero. However, he feels, as we see, the dissuading motives of worldly prudence in all their force. But one devouring passion urges him on—the master-passion of his life—the lust of power, i. 7. 26. Still, it should seem that the considerations of policy and safety regarding this life might even have withheld him from the actual commission of the murder, had not the spirit of his wife come in to fortify his failing purpose. At all events, in the action of the drama it is her intervention, most decidedly, that terminates his irresolution, and urges him to the final perpetration of the crime which he himself had been the first to meditate.

It is most important that we should not mistake the nature of Macbeth's nervous perturbation while in the very act of consummating his first great crime. The more closely we examine it, the more we shall find it to be devoid of all genuine compunction. This character is one of intense selfishness, and is therefore incapable of any true moral repugnance to inflicting injury upon others; it shrinks only from encountering public odium, and the retribution which that may produce. Once persuaded that these will be avoided, Macbeth falters not in proceeding to apply the dagger to the throat of his sleeping guest. But here comes the display of the other part of his character—that extreme nervous irritability which, combined with an active intellect, produces in him so much highly poetical rumination—and at the same time, being unaccompanied with the slightest portion of self-command, subjects him to such signal moral cowardice. We feel bound the more earnestly to solicit the reader's attention to this distinction, since, though so clearly evident when once pointed out, it has escaped the penetration of some even of the most eminent critics. The poetry

delivered by Macbeth, let us repeat, is not the poetry inspired by a glowing or even a feeling heart—it springs exclusively from a morbidly irritable fancy. We hesitate not to say that his wife mistakes, when she apprehends that the "milk of human kindness" will prevent him from "catching the nearest way." The fact is that, until after the banquet scene, she mistakes his character throughout. She judges of it too much from her own. Possessing generous feeling herself, she is susceptible of remorse. Full of self-control, and afflicted with no feverish imagination, she is dismayed by no vague apprehensions, no fantastic fears. Consequently, when her husband is withheld from his crime simply by that dread of contingent consequences which his fancy so infinitely exaggerates, she, little able to conceive of this, naturally ascribes some part of his repugnance to that "milk of human kindness," those "compunctious visitings of nature," of which she *can* conceive. . . . The perturbation which seizes Macbeth the instant he has struck the fatal blow, springs not, we repeat, from the slightest consideration for his victim. It is but the necessary recoil in the mind of every moral coward, upon the final performance of any decisive act from which accumulating selfish apprehensions have long withheld him — heightened and exaggerated by that excessive morbid irritability which, after his extreme selfishness, forms the next great moral characteristic of Macbeth. It is the sense of *all* the *possible* consequences to *himself*, and that alone, which rushes instantly and overwhelmingly upon his excitable fancy, so as to thunder its denunciations in his very ears.

The following scene shows us Macbeth, when his paroxysm ensuing upon the act of murder has quite spent itself, and he is become quite himself again — that is, the cold-blooded, cowardly, and treacherous assassin. Let any one who may have been disposed, with most of the critics, to believe that Shakespeare has delineated Macbeth as a char-

acter originally remorseful, well consider that speech of most elaborate, refined, and cold-blooded hypocrisy, in which, so speedily after his poetical whinings over his own *misfortune* in murdering Duncan, he alleges his motives for killing the two sleeping attendants. Assuredly, too, the dramatist had his reasons for causing Macbeth's hypocritically pathetic description of the scene of the murder to be thus publicly delivered in the presence of her whose hands have had so large a share in giving it that particular aspect. It lends double force to this most characteristic trait of Macbeth's deportment, that he should not be moved even by his lady's presence from delivering his affectedly indignant description of that bloody spectacle, in terms which must so vividly recall to her mind's eye the sickening objects which his own moral cowardice had compelled her to gaze upon. His words draw from Lady Macbeth the instant exclamation, "Help me hence, ho!" And shortly after she is carried out, still in a fainting state. . . . Even her indomitable resolution may well sink for the moment under a stroke so withering, for which, being totally unexpected, she came so utterly unprepared. It is remarkable that, upon her exclamation of distress, Macduff, and shortly after Banquo, cries out, "Look to the lady;" but that we find not the smallest sign of attention paid to her situation by Macbeth himself, who, arguing from his own character to hers, might regard it merely as a dexterous feigning on her part. A character like this, we cannot too often repeat, is one of the most cowardly selfishness, and most remorseless treachery, which all its poetical excitability does but exasperate into the perpetration of more and more extravagant enormities. . . .

"But in them nature's copy 's not eterne" has been interpreted by some critics as a deliberate suggesting, on Lady Macbeth's part, of the murder of Banquo and his son. . . . The natural and unstrained meaning of the words is, at most, nothing more than this, that Banquo and his son are

not immortal. It is not she, but her husband, that draws a practical inference from this harmless proposition. That "they are assailable" may be "comfort," indeed, to him; but it is evidently none to her, and he proceeds to tell her that "there shall be done A deed of dreadful note." Still provokingly unapprehensive of his meaning, she asks him anxiously, "What 's to be done?" But he, after trying the ground so far, finding her utterly indisposed to concur in his present scheme, *does not dare* to communicate it to her in plain terms, lest she should chide the fears that prompt him to this new and gratuitous enormity, by virtue of the very same spirit that had made her combat those which had withheld him from the one great crime which she had deemed necessary to his elevation. It is only through a misapprehension, which unjustly lowers the generosity of her character and unduly exalts that of her husband, that so many critics have represented this passage ("Be innocent of the knowledge," etc.) as spoken by Macbeth out of a magnanimous desire to spare his wife all guilty participation in an act which at the same time, they tell us, he believes will give her satisfaction. It is, in fact, but a new and signal instance of his moral cowardice. . . . It is most important, in order to judge aright of Shakespeare's metaphysical, moral, and religious meaning in this great composition, that we should not mistake him as having represented that spirits of darkness are here permitted absolutely and gratuitously to seduce his hero from a state of perfectly innocent intention. It is plain that such an error at the outset vitiates and debases the moral to be drawn from the whole piece. Macbeth does not project the murder of Duncan because of his encounter with the weird sisters; the weird sisters encounter him because he has projected the murder—because they know him better than his royal master does, who tells us, "There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face." But these ministers of evil are privileged to see "the

mind's construction" where human eye cannot penetrate—in the mind itself. They repair to the blasted heath because, as one of them says afterwards of Macbeth, "something wicked this way comes." In the next two lines—"I come, Graymalkin!—Paddock calls"—we perceive the connection of these beings with the world invisible and inaudible to mortal senses. It is only through these mysterious answers of theirs that we know any thing of the other beings whom they name thus grotesquely, sufficiently indicating spirits of deformity akin to themselves, and like themselves rejoicing in that elemental disturbance into which they mingle as they vanish from our view. . . .

In v. 3. 22–28, we have mere *poetical whining* over his own most merited situation. Yet Hazlitt, among others, talks of him as "calling back all our sympathy" by this reflection. Sympathy indeed! for the exquisitely refined selfishness of this most odious personage! This passage is exactly of a piece with that in which he envies the fate of his royal victim, and seems to think himself hardly used that Duncan, after all, should be better off than himself. Such exclamations, from such a character, are but an additional title to our detestation; the man who sets at naught all human ties should at least be prepared to abide in quiet the inevitable consequences. But the moral cowardice of Macbeth is consummate. . . .

There is no want of physical courage implied in Macbeth's declining the combat with Macduff. He may well believe that now, more than ever, it is time to "beware Macduff." He is at length convinced that "fate and metaphysical aid" are against him; and, consistent to the last in his hardened and whining selfishness, no thought of the intense blackness of his own perfidy interferes to prevent him from complaining of falsehood in those evil beings from whose very nature he should have expected nothing else. There is no cowardice, we say, in his declining the combat under such a con-

viction. Neither is there any courage in his renewing it; for there is no room for courage in opposing evident fate. But the last word and action of Macbeth are an expression of the *moral* cowardice which we trace so conspicuously throughout his career; he surrenders his life that he may not be "baited with the rabble's curse." So dies Macbeth, shrinking from deserved opprobrium; but he dies, as he has lived, *remorseless*. . . .

[*From Hunter's "New Illustrations of Shakespeare."**]

Beside the main subject of the midnight murder of a king sleeping in the house of one of his nobles, and surrounded by his guards, the death and appearance of the ghost of Banquo, and the whole machinery and prophecy of the wayward sisters, with the interior view of a castle in which is a conscience-stricken monarch reduced to the extremity of a siege, the poet seems to have intended to concentrate in this play many of the more thrilling incidents of physical and metaphysical action. The midnight shriek of women; sleep, with its stranger accidents, such as laughing, talking, walking, as produced by potions, as disturbed by dreams, as full of wicked thoughts; the hard beating of the heart; the parched state of the mouth in an hour of desperate guilt; the rousing of the hair at a dismal treatise; physiognomy; men of manly hearts moved to tears; the wild thoughts which haunt the mind of guilt, as in the air-drawn dagger, and the fancy that sleep was slain and the slayer should know its comforts no more; death in some of its stranger varieties—the soldier dying of wounds not bound up, the spent swimmer, the *pilot* wrecked on his way *home*, the horrible mode of Macdonnel's death, the massacre of a mother and her children, the hired assassins perpetrating their work on the belated travellers—these are but a portion of the terrible circumstances attendant on the main events of this tragic tale.

* *New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare*, by Joseph Hunter (London, 1845), vol. ii. p. 160.

He goes for similar circumstances to the elements, and to the habits of animals about which superstitions had gathered —the flitting of the bat, the flight of the crow to the rooky wood, the fights of the owl and the falcon, and of the owl and the wren, the scream of the owl, the chirping of the cricket, the croak of the prophetic raven, and bark of the wolf, the horses devouring one another; the pitchy darkness of night, the murky darkness of a lurid day, a storm rattling in the battlements of an ancient fortress—we have all this before we have passed the bounds of nature and entered the regions of metaphysical agency.

There we have the spirits which tend on mortal thoughts, the revelations by magot-pies, the moving of stones, the speaking of trees, and lamentings heard in the air, and almost the whole of the mythology of the wayward sisters—their withered and wild attire, their intercourse with their queen, their congregating in the hour of storms on heaths which the lightning has scathed, the strange instruments employed by them, the mode of their operations, and their compelling the world invisible to disclose the secrets of futurity.

[*From Bucknill's "The Mad Folk of Shakespeare."**]

Evidently Macbeth is a man of sanguine nervous temperament, of large capacity and ready susceptibility. The high energy and courage which guide his sword in the battles of his country are qualities of nerve-force which future circumstances will direct to good or evil purposes. Circumstances arise soliciting to evil; "supernatural soliciting," the force of which, in these anti-spiritualist days, it requires an almost unattainable flight of the imagination to get a glimpse of. It must be remembered that the drama brings Macbeth face to face with the supernatural. What would be the effect upon a man of nervous sensibility of such appearances as the

* *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare*, by J. C. Bucknill, M. D. (London, 1867), pp. 7, 10, 44.

weird sisters? Surely most profound. We may disbelieve in any manifestations of the supernatural, but we cannot but believe that were their occurrence possible they would profoundly affect the mind. Humboldt says that the effect of the first earthquake shock is most bewildering, upsetting one of the strongest articles of material faith, namely, the fixedness of the earth. Any supernatural appearance must have this effect of shaking the foundations of the mind in an infinitely greater degree. Indeed, we so fully feel that any glimpse into the spirit-world would effect in ourselves a profound mental revulsion, that we readily extend to Macbeth a more indulgent opinion of his great crimes than we should have been able to do had he been led on to their commission by the temptations of earthly incident alone. . . .

To the Christian moralist Macbeth's guilt is so dark that its degree cannot be estimated, as there are no shades in black. But to **the mental physiologist** to whom nerve rather than conscience, the function of the brain rather than the power of the will, is an object of study, it is impossible to omit from calculation the influences of the supernatural event, which is not only the starting-point of the action, but the remote cause of the mental phenomena. . . .

What was Lady Macbeth's form and temperament? In Maclise's great painting of the banquet scene she is represented as a woman of large and coarse development: a Scandinavian Amazon, the muscles of whose brawny arms could only have been developed to their great size by hard and frequent use; a woman of whose fists her husband might well be afraid. . . . Was Lady Macbeth such a being? Did the fierce fire of her soul animate the epicene bulk of a virago? Never! Lady Macbeth was a lady, beautiful and delicate, whose one vivid passion proves that her organization was instinct with nerve-force, unoppressed by weight of flesh. Probably she was small; for it is the smaller sort of women whose emotional fire is the most fierce, and she herself bears

unconscious testimony to the fact that her hand was little. . . . Although she manifests no feeling towards Macbeth beyond the regard which ambition makes her yield, it is clear that he entertains for her the personal love which a beautiful woman would excite. . . . Moreover, the effect of remorse upon her own health proves the preponderance of nerve in her organization. Could the Lady Macbeth of Maclise, and of others who have painted this lady, have been capable of the fire and force of her character in the commission of her crimes, the remembrance of them would scarcely have disturbed the quiet of her after-years. We figure Lady Macbeth to have been a tawny or brown blonde Rachel, with more beauty, with gray and cruel eyes, but with the same slight, dry configuration and constitution, instinct with determined nerve-power.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In a foot-note, Dr. Bucknill states that when he wrote the above he was not aware that Mrs. Siddons held a similar opinion as to Lady Macbeth's personal appearance. We append what Mrs. Siddons says on this subject in her "Remarks on the Character of Lady Macbeth:"

"In this astonishing creature one sees a woman in whose bosom the passion of ambition has almost obliterated all the characteristics of human nature; in whose composition are associated all the subjugating powers of intellect, and all the charms and graces of personal beauty. You will probably not agree with me as to the character of that beauty; yet, perhaps, this difference of opinion will be entirely attributable to the difficulty of your imagination disengaging itself from that idea of the person of her representative which you have been so long accustomed to contemplate. According to my notion, it is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps, even fragile—

'Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head.'

"Such a combination only, respectable in energy and strength of mind, and captivating in feminine loveliness, could have composed a charm of such potency as to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so amiable, so honourable as Macbeth—to seduce him to brave all the dangers of the present and all the terrors of a future world; and we

are constrained, even whilst we abhor his crimes, to pity the infatuated victim of such a thraldom."

Campbell, on the other hand, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," says of Lady Macbeth: "She is a splendid picture of evil, . . . a sort of sister of Milton's Lucifer; and, like him, we surely imagine her externally majestic and beautiful. Mrs. Siddons's idea of her having been a delicate and blonde beauty seems to me to be a pure caprice. The public would have ill exchanged such a representative of Lady Macbeth for the dark locks and the eagle eyes of Mrs. Siddons."

Maginn (*Shakespeare Papers*, 1860, p. 184) remarks: "Shakespeare gives us no hint as to her personal charms, except when he makes her describe her hand as 'little.' We may be sure that there were few 'more thoroughbred or fairer fingers' in the land of Scotland than those of its queen, whose bearing in public towards Duncan, Banquo, and the nobles is marked by elegance and majesty; and, in private, by affectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord."

Fletcher (*Studies of Shakespeare*, cited on p. 24) says: "[Shakespeare] has combined in Macbeth an eminently masculine person with a spirit in other respects eminently feminine, but utterly wanting the feminine generosity of affection. To this character, thus contrasted within itself, he has opposed a female character presenting a contrast exactly the reverse of the former. No one doubts that he has shown us in the spirit of Lady Macbeth that masculine firmness of will which he has made wanting in her husband. The strictest analogy, then, would lead him to complete the harmonizing contrast of the two characters by enshrining this 'undaunted mettle' of hers in a frame as exquisitely feminine as her husband's is magnificently manly. This was requisite, also, in order to make her taunts of Macbeth's irresolution operate with the fullest intensity. Such sentiments from the lips of what is called a masculine looking or speaking woman have little moral energy compared with what they derive from the ardent utterance of a delicately feminine voice and nature. Mrs. Siddons, then, we believe, judged more correctly in this matter than the public."

The German critic Rötscher (translated by Mr. Furness in his edition of *Macbeth*, p. 467) says: "There are certain inferences to be drawn in regard to the personal appearance of Lady Macbeth. She enters reading her husband's letter containing the first announcement of the sayings of the weird sisters. The mighty passion of ambition bursts at once in Lady Macbeth's imagination into full flame by these few lines; she appears well-nigh intoxicated with that emotion; her whole appearance ought to be royal, as one for whose powerful features and majestic bearing the diadem is the befitting adornment. Her countenance ought to

display noble and energetic outlines, from whose every feature mean desires are banished; it should presage demoniac forces, with never a trace of moral ugliness nor aught repellent. The glittering eye betrays the restless, busy ardor of the disposition, while the finely chiselled lips and the nostrils must eloquently express scorn of moral opposition, and a determined purpose in crime. Her queenly bearing, as well as the nobility of all her movements, proclaims her title to the highest earthly greatness and power. Lady Macbeth's looks ought to enchain, and yet, withal, chill us, for such features can awaken no human sympathy, and can only disclose the dominion of monstrous powers. Lady Macbeth, therefore, will have the more powerful effect the more majesty is thrown around her person, because she will be thereby at once removed to a region in which all ordinary standards are dwarfed, for we have here before us a nature in which dwells a spirit made up of savage elements, and which reveals its own peculiar laws in its projects as fearfully as in its ruin."

[*From Gervinus's "Shakespeare Commentaries."**]

Lady Macbeth is more a dependent wife than an independent, masculine woman, in so far as she wishes the golden round rather for him than for herself; her whole ambition is for him and through him; of herself, and of elevation for herself, she never speaks. . . . We see in this marriage a union of esteem, aye, of deep reverence, rather than of affection. The poet has not left this unexplained. She has had children, but has reared none; this may have added another sting to Macbeth's jealousy of Banquo; but the most natural consequence is that the pair are drawn more closely together, and are more intent on the gratification each can afford the other. . . . When none of her golden expectations are fulfilled — when, instead of successful greatness, the ruin of the land and of her husband follows—then her powers suddenly collapse. Trusting in him, she could have endured forever the conflicts of conscience, of nature, and of a harrowing imagination, but, doubting him, she doubts herself also; like ivy, she had twined her fresh verd-

* Translated by Mr. Furness (see his ed. of *Macbeth*, p. 469) from the 3d German ed. (Leipzig, 1862).

ure around the branches of the kingly tree, but when the trunk totters, she falls to the ground; her iron heart dissolves in the fire of this affliction and of this false expectation. There have been regrets expressed that the transition in her from masculine strength to feminine weakness has not been more fully portrayed by the poet. It was, however, no gradual transition, but a sudden downfall. . . .

It is very noteworthy that for the murder of Banquo Macbeth employs the very incitements which had wrought most effectually upon himself: he appeals to the manhood of the murderers. . . .

As far as regards poetic justice in the fates of Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff, there lies in their several natures a contrast to Macbeth's. . . . King Duncan is characterized in history as a man of greater weakness than became a king; rebellions were frequent in his reign; he was no warrior to suppress them, no physiognomist to read treason in the face; after he had just passed through a painful experience through the treachery of the friendly thane of Cawdor, he at once, overlooking the modest Banquo, elevates Macbeth to this very thaneship, thereby pampering Macbeth's ambition, and suffers a cruel penalty for this blunder at the hands of the new thane, his own kinsman. The same lack of foresight ruins Banquo. He had been admitted to the secret of the weird sisters; pledged to openness towards Macbeth, he had an opportunity of convincing himself of his obduracy and secrecy; he surmises and suspects Macbeth's deed, yet he does nothing against him and nothing for himself; like, but with a difference, those cowardly impersonations of fear, the Doctor, Seyton, Ross, and the spying ironical Lennox, he suppresses his thoughts and wilfully shuts his eyes; he falls, having done nothing in a field full of dangers. Macduff is not quite so culpable in this respect; he is, therefore, punished, not in his own person, but in the fate of his family, which makes him the martyr-hero by whose hand Macbeth falls. . .

Macduff is, by nature, what Macbeth once was, a mixture of mildness and force; he is more than Macbeth, because he is without any admixture of ambition. When Malcolm accuses himself to Macduff of every imaginable vice, not a shadow of ambition to force himself into the usurper's place comes over Macduff. So noble, so blameless, so mild, Macduff lacks the goad of sharp ambition necessary to make him a victorious opponent of Macbeth: the poet, therefore, by the horrible extermination of his family, drains him of the milk of human kindness, and so fits him to be the conqueror of Macbeth.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspere."**]

There is a line in the play of Macbeth, uttered as the evening shadows begin to gather on the day of Banquo's murder, which we may repeat to ourselves as a motto of the entire tragedy, "Good things of day begin to droop and drowse." It is the tragedy of the twilight and the setting-in of thick darkness upon a human soul. We assist at the spectacle of a terrible sunset in folded clouds of blood. To the last, however, one thin hand's-breadth of melancholy light remains—the sadness of the day without its strength. Macbeth is the prey of a profound world-weariness. And while a huge *ennui* pursues crime, the criminal is not yet in utter blackness of night. When the play opens, the sun is already dropping below the verge. And as at sunset strange winds arise, and gather the clouds to westward with mysterious pause and stir, so the play of Macbeth opens with movement of mysterious, spiritual powers, which are auxiliary of that awful shadow which first creeps and then strides across the moral horizon.

It need hardly be once more repeated that the Witches of Macbeth are not the broom-stick witches of vulgar, popular

* *Shakspere: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 244 fol. (by permission).

tradition. If they are grotesque, they are also sublime. The weird sisters of our dramatist may take their place beside the terrible old women of Michael Angelo, who spin the destinies of man. . . . They tingle in every fibre with evil energy, as the tempest does with the electric current; their malignity is inexhaustible; they are wells of sin springing up into everlasting death; they have their raptures and ecstasies in crime; they snatch with delight at the relics of impiety and foul disease; they are the awful inspirers of murder, insanity, suicide. . . .

"The true reason for the first appearance of the witches," Coleridge has said, "is to strike the key-note of the character of the whole drama." They appear in a desert place, with thunder and lightning; it is the barren and blasted place where evil has obtained the mastery of things. Observe that the last words of the witches, in the opening scene of the play, are the first words which Macbeth himself utters.

> Fair is foul and foul is fair
> Hover through the fog and filthy air.*

Macbeth. "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." Shakspere intimates by this that although Macbeth has not yet set eyes upon these hags, the connection is already established between his soul and them. Their spells have already wrought upon his blood. When the three sisters meet Macbeth and Banquo upon the heath, it is Banquo to whom they are first visible in the gray, northern air. To Banquo they are objective—they are outside himself, and he can observe and describe their strange aspect, their wild attire, and their mysterious gesture. Macbeth is rapt in silence, and then with eager longing demands, "Speak if you can: what are you?" When they have given him the three Hails, as Glamis, as Cawdor, and as King, the hail of the past, of the

* Words uttered by all three witches, after each has singly spoken thrice.

present, of the future, Macbeth starts. "It is a full revelation of his criminal aptitudes," Mr. Hudson has well said, "that so startles and surprises him into a rapture of meditation." And besides this, Macbeth is startled to find that there is a terrible correspondence established between the baser instincts of his own heart and certain awful external agencies of evil. . . .

But beside the vague yet mastering inspiration of crime received from the witches, there is the more definite inspiration received from his wife. Macbeth is excitably imaginative, and his imagination alternately stimulates and enfeebles him. The facts in their clear-cut outline disappear in the dim atmosphere of surmise, desire, fear, hope, which the spirit of Macbeth effuses around the fact. But his wife sees things in the clearest and most definite outline. Her delicate frame is filled with high-strung nervous energy. With her to perceive is forthwith to decide, to decide is to act. Having resolved upon her end, a practical logic convinces her that the means are implied and determined. Macbeth resolves, and falters back from action; now he is restrained by his imagination, now by his fears, now by lingering velleities towards a loyal and honourable existence. He is unable to keep in check or put under restraint any one of the various incoherent powers of his nature, which impede and embarrass each the action of the other. Lady Macbeth gains, for the time, sufficient strength by throwing herself passionately into a single purpose, and by resolutely repressing all that is inconsistent with that purpose. Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism—she cuts off from herself her better nature, she yields no weak paltering with conscience. "I have given suck," she exclaims, "and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;" she is unable to stab Duncan because he resembles her father in his sleep; she is appalled by the copious blood in which the old man lies, and the horror of

the sight clings to her memory; the smell of the blood is hateful to her and almost insupportable; she had not been without apprehension that her feminine nature might fail to carry her through the terrible ordeal, through which she yet resolved that it should be compelled to pass. She must not waste an atom of her strength of will, which has to serve for two murderers—for her husband as well as for herself. She puts into requisition with the aid of wine and of stimulant words the reserve of nervous force which lay unused. No witches have given her "Hail;" no airy dagger marshals her the way she is going; nor is she afterwards haunted by the terrible vision of Banquo's gory head. As long as her will remains her own she can throw herself upon external facts, and maintain herself in relation with the definite, actual surroundings; it is in her sleep, when the will is incapable of action, that she is persecuted by the past which perpetually renews itself, not in ghostly shapes, but by the imagined recurrence of real and terrible incidents.

The fears of Lady Macbeth upon the night of Duncan's murder are the definite ones that the murderers may be detected, that some omission in the pre-arranged plan may occur, that she or her husband may be summoned to appear before the traces of their crime have been removed. More awful considerations would press in upon her and overwhelm her sanity, but that she forcibly repels them for the time:

> These deeds must not be thought
> After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

To her the sight of Duncan dead is as terrible as to Macbeth; but she takes the daggers from her husband; and with a forced jest, hideous in the self-violence which it implies, she steps forth into the dark corridor:

> If he do bleed
> I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
> For it must seem their guilt.

"A play of fancy here is like a gleam of ghastly sunshine striking across a stormy landscape."* The knocking at the gate clashes upon her overstrained nerves and thrills her; but she has determination and energy to direct the actions of Macbeth, and rouse him from the mood of abject depression which succeeded his crime. A white flame of resolution glows through her delicate organization, like light through an alabaster lamp:

> Infirm of purpose!
> Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
> Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
> That fears a painted devil.

If the hold which she possesses over her own faculties should relax for a moment, all would be lost. For dreadful deeds anticipated and resolved upon, she has strength, but the surprise of a novel horror, on which she has not counted, deprives her suddenly of consciousness; when Macbeth announces his butchery of Duncan's grooms, the lady swoons—not in feigning but in fact—and is borne away insensible.

Macbeth wastes himself in vague, imaginative remorse:

> Will not great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
> The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red.

Thus his imagination serves to dissipate the impression of his conscience. What is the worth of this vague, imaginative remorse? Macbeth retained enough of goodness to make him a haggard, miserable criminal; never enough to restrain him from a crime. His hand soon became subdued to what it worked in—the blood in which it paddled and plashed. And yet the loose, incoherent faculties, ever becoming more and more disorganized and disintegrated, somehow held together till the end. "My hands are of your colour," exclaims Lady Macbeth; "but I shame to wear a heart

* *Macbeth*, Clarendon Press Edition, p. 108.

so white. A little water clears us of this deed." Yet it is she who has uttered no large words about "the multitudinous seas" who will rise in slumbery agitation, and with her accustomed action eagerly essay to remove from her little hand its ineffaceable stain, and with her delicate sense sicken at the smell of blood upon it, which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten;" and last, will loosen the terrible constriction of her heart with a sigh that longs to be perpetual. It is the queen, and not her husband, who is slain by conscience.

Yet the soul of Macbeth never quite disappears into the blackness of darkness. He is a cloud without water carried about of winds; a tree whose fruit withers, but not even to the last plucked up by the roots. For the dull ferocity of Macbeth is joyless. All his life has gone irretrievably astray, and he is aware of this. His suspicion becomes uncontrollable; his reign is a reign of terror; and as he drops deeper and deeper into the solitude and the gloom, his sense of error and misfortune, futile and unproductive as that sense is, increases. He lives under a dreary cloud, and all things look gray and cold. He has lived long enough, yet he clings to life; that which should accompany old age, "as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," he may not look to have. Finally his sensibility has grown so dull that even the intelligence of his wife's death—the death of her who had been bound to him by such close communion in crime—hardly moves him, and seems little more than one additional incident in the weary, meaningless tale of human life:

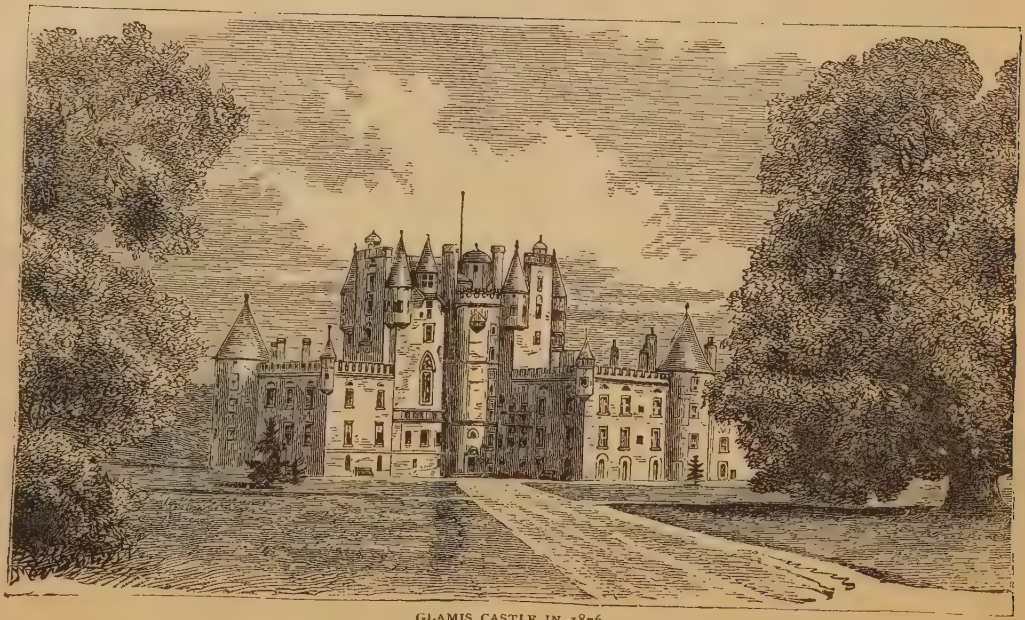
> She should have died hereafter;
> There would have been a time for such a word.
> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more; it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

This world-weariness, which has not the energy of Timon's despair, is yet less remote from the joy and glory of true living than is the worm-like vivacity of Iago. Macbeth remembers that he once knew there was such a thing as human goodness. He stands a haggard shadow against the hand's-breadth of pale sky which yields us sufficient light to see him. But Iago rises compact with fiend-like energy, seen brightly in the godless glare of hell. The end of Macbeth is savage, and almost brutal — a death without honour or loveliness. He fights now, not like "Bellona's bridegroom lapp'd in proof," but with a wild and animal clinging to life:

> They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
> But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

His followers desert him; he feels himself taken in a trap. The powers of evil in which he had trusted turn against him and betray him. His courage becomes a desperate rage. We are in pain until the horrible necessity is accomplished.



GLAMIS CASTLE IN 1876.

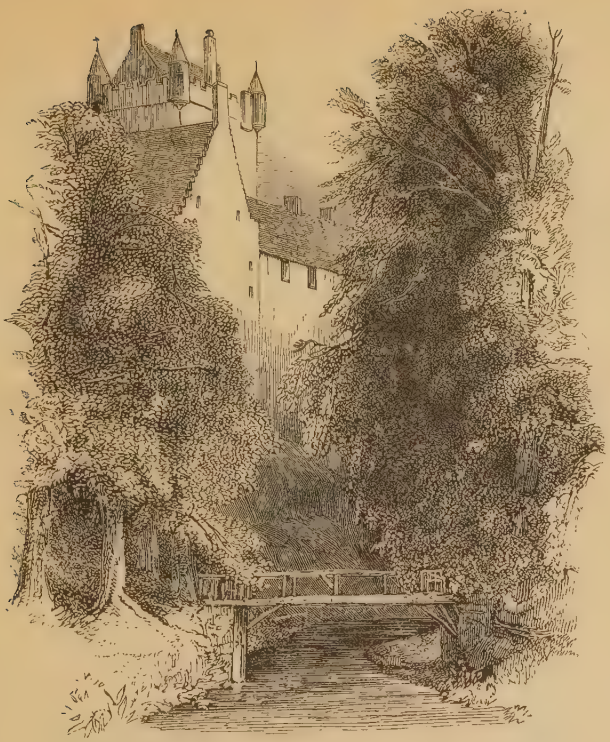
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, } his sons.
MACBETH, BANQUO, } generals of the king's army.
MACDUFF, LENNOX, ROSS, MENTEITH, ANGUS, CAITHNESS, } noblemen of Scotland.
FLEANCE, son to Banquo.
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces.
Young SIWARD, his son.
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.
Boy, son to Macduff.
An English Doctor.
A Scotch Doctor.
A Sergeant.
A Porter.
An Old Man.
LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.
HECATE.
Three Witches.
Apparitions.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

SCENE: *Scotland; England.*



CAWDOR CASTLE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Desert Place.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Second Witch. When the hurly-burly 's done,
When the battle 's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.
First Witch. Where the place?
Second Witch. Upon the heath.
Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.
First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!
Second Witch. Paddock calls.
Third Witch. Anon.
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. *Enter* Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *with* Attendants, *meeting a bleeding* Sergeant.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Malcolm. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.
Sergeant. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all 's too weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage

Neufeld upon this

Attendant Spirits

in a moment. no puzzle. Shakespeare
means multiples are endless
character of written drama in play

Rough free spoken musical [illegible] Soldier
Scene

Army Soldiers to bring

unless wounds big enough to
[illegible]

Honorable mention ending [illegible]

a nearly absolute [illegible]
c.f. Dream of fair women

Till he fac'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sergeant. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sergeant. Yes;
As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.
[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*
Who comes here?

Enter Ross.

Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross.

Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!
Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?
Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself,
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.
Duncan. Great happiness!
Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.
Duncan. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.
Ross. I 'll see it done.
Duncan. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?
Second Witch. Killing swine.
Third Witch. Sister, where thou?
First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. 'Give me,' quoth I:

such that is called to say
to steal them [illegible] by implicit
vague may not be been present.

does not repeal the same song

Walter hears by
the three others.

[illegible] because they [illegible]
Pig's a common Blazer song
has no use in our drain to
[illegible]. Also
were doing mischief to

* Indians not mentioned as official
Indians wife and friends to ask.
Indian, do with bad that also bad person

Legendary & mythical
Dis respectful word but yet not

(1) Scald
(2) 3 cabbalists
(3) terms of contempt

Diabolus primus Dane
Sha dame = Lady age. Dame implies property
See notes in the form of b. so when refers an animal or matter, may be
which she includes to do is to pass all decide to
Rule the which loosing comes till waste it gone &
all worn out. the earth keep it from enemy & frost.

If change it to ants is means parts of encroaches. But don't need it. She has enemies only is getting to any trust.

pronounced penties. It is a dear to so the eye lid
under a curse.
the depth of time he will believe

Looks almy good charm

bully charm
these women pleased character
weird pl/ mush fate myrd. 2 Village witch but small one
meaner fate.
chyrsolaces. 1st time they are called three
and the weighing they are called. see page 141

three times to the thrashing one
of magic number

The names of the Norns. or maid sisters
were
written
Urd. Skerthandi Skuld
Urd W. coming to Pass. Shall be
three sisters who Shall Skuld they represent Past Present Future

'Aroint thee, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband 's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I 'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I 'll do, I 'll do, and I 'll do.

Second Witch. I 'll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou 'rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I 'll drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary se'nnights nine times nine
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wrack'd as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about:
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine.
Peace! the charm 's wound up.

Enter MACBETH *and* BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can: what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Second Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter!

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Second Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

regardless to foul is fair etc. Victory in bad weather

macbeth first murdering Hecate in three spirits that are not like witches of the they also have the ordinary signs of a head and clothing appearance

beckoning with something he knew [illegible] taking place yes to take place. Full Shakespeare did not know their stand in nature or spirit yet has [illegible] functions strong sense unfast.

creations of the imagination

appearance

honours. Noble having

begin

The theme of Candor need not have been present since "assist" Scene II l. 50. He may have been giving secret assistance without Macbeth knowing it. Stamp Pass did. U 67 P 55 ± P 1.56 shows that Candor is guilty of treason but argues doesn't know just what he had done so properly only some rebel outside help as this Macbeth would not know

The 3 Scandanavian myth were called Norns. Shakespeare had never heard of them nor had Holinshed. Instead comes they have known the names of the fates. Except the thing that Holinshed's Weird is doing with is based on a Scandinavian thing. Shakespeare knows human that they are fates for Holinshed called them the weird sisters. Again since he took over the three hails that clearly had relation to the nature of the witch he took over the witches also last pass a future Glamis Candor thing this occurs through the plays. The witches are not goddesses of fate. You can not get into human relation with them. The audience knows only the elsewhere goddesses of fate. So to bring them down to this earth by connecting them with Village witches. Shakespeare the weird sisters up. To bring them down from the clouds he fates them with witches characteristics. He did not vulgarize them by associating them with witches. Witches and witchcraft were mostly women who had social status rank to the devil. To designate the fates they were females but not witches so they are a compromise they represent fate unless they are well played & disembodied they become comic their is unhappy

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

Macbeth. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Banquo. To the selfsame tune and words. Who 's here?

Enter ROSS *and* ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his: silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale

Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.
Angus. We are sent
To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.
Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.
Banquo. What, can the devil speak true?
Macbeth. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes?
Angus. Who was the thane lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macbeth. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them?
Banquo. That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

We learn no reason for believing that the Thanes of Cawdor were princes of Cathness

Audience always knows whether or not a character is good. Hence talk of Banquo's being a bad man is out of court as unlikely to be believed. Character may not know but audience do.

Sometimes addeth to Lassair to Banquo

Lightly disinfected lies.
Still puzzled. no actual investigation

Angus is telling all the rumours but he does not know the details of the murder. Whether Lauden openly or secretly assisted the enemy. So it is clear he is a bloody minded fighter

Honourable dead. Big in murder matters.

~~Slow difficulty is not very fitting about~~

How can Lycia crown as Dan not
in direct succession. Macbeth a
Number of Royal house next to Duncan
His Crime is Murder
temptation

Dan seen fighting but a Number
future—
Macbeth is putting the thought out of his mind

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murther yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.

Banquo. Look how our partner 's rapt.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may crown me,
Without my stir.

Banquo. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Forres. The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lennox, *and* Attendants.

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet return'd?
Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 't were a careless trifle.
Duncan. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, *and* Angus.

O worthiest cousin!
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.
Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants;

Macbeth a man with an
honorable ambition but with
no strong moral force. He
easily succumbs to temptation
when urged on by his wife.
After he sees the bloody dagger
vision. It is imaginative like
the witches & Banquo and he sees
he sees the dagger etc.

Duncans speech almost unanimously
Characters. He was a good king
but cannot be unable to maintain
order

Scene changes but play moves
rapidly.

The possibility of Banquo's comes to Mac B's
mind

We cannot quite understand the key note
we have say the words rather mindless than
not understood

mean about them not
open a book.

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.
Duncan. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.
Banquo. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.
Duncan. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.
Macbeth. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you.
I 'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.
Duncan. My worthy Cawdor!
Macbeth. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires:
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*
Duncan. True, worthy Banquo: he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let 's after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady Macbeth [Reads]. *They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou 'dst have, great Glamis,
That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;'
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Lady Mc B. is not reading the whole of the letter
She reads only what it meant us to hear. Letter
written as soon as possible after the
meeting with the witches. Probably before
Scene 4. Letter does not say yet King's
coming. Mac with news straight home
from the King. Mac to make broad
Beads with. Scene 5 shows three things
in point of time. (1) The Letter (2)
supplementary news of the King's
coming (3) Macbeth comes in
The letter is characteristically non committal
Lady Mc B is a simple great character, she
jumps to the conclusion that only one way
is open. His will is weak Her's is strong
She supports him & takes upon herself the object
and responsibility to do. Shakespeare understands Mc well. Her information
equals Mac's soliloquy Her soliloquy is honest
and not for the audience

Boccaccio "goodness of heart nature" = kindness
or mildness. In this character shakespeare
departs from his source He is not
[illegible] unacquainted with a lesser
Lack of scruple [illegible]
would like to win something
that does not belong to him

Before the prophecy Mac may have cherished
a hope of being King Lady Mc more practical
simple & less imaginative than her husband
would not have such hopes

No reference to a messenger. She may hear a rumour at the moment
Definite opinion that with no human beings
(1) Friendly (?) that could be carrying out evil

Ruby
Hendricks

always instantly ready to assist in evil deeds
exchange milk for (able
invisible

So dark a night that between the stars
Black Death through Blackness was dispelling there
Annunciation change Benighted

against the three fronts

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Thou 'rt mad to say it:
Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [*Exit Messenger.*

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murthering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.
Macbeth. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.
Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?
Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.
Lady Macbeth. O, never
Shall sun that morrow see!
Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that 's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.
Macbeth. We will speak further.
Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, *and* Attendants.

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.
Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird

Thus lines must not be too significant
not coarse but delicate
interviewed as possible

as easy to read as a book
people about you e.g. poems of that time

[illegible] a common interpretation
he is disturbed. To alter to have a disturbed
brain is always explained as [illegible] sometimes
books difficulty

poem. lines addressed/as want to describe poems
Shakespeare or things written than
to address e.g.
The Rose smells
sweetly -

All Plautus remarks are groans

(1) get. (2) nevertheless
Troubles

I come because I hope you
I cause you trouble but you
should love me even if I cause trouble for love
causes my coming

weak

Supported by Alms from our great house

on account

playful, implies intimacy

Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Duncan. See, see, our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Duncan. Where 's the thane of Cawdor?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Duncan. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, *and divers* Servants *with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter* MACBETH.

Macbeth. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murtherer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

This speech most remarkable for figures.
Dwells on the first thought in our bosom

Actual Consequences plus acc that came after
his may refer (1) Consequences may mean good
(2) assassination success
(3) Duncan
1 same meaning for both
He's reason wishes to avoid this thing He reasons
our experiences in a human scale.

in the likeness of
more dignified than Duncan
Wind reaches tears and tears likeness
arm storm wind.
He changes figure after this seems the
best explanation. In poetry mixed metaphors
is quite possible. His success is the
right. The figures are pursued by the
whole heart of his imagination

Shakespeare often uses double figures
Were you drunk when you thought this.
You attribute yourself in hope when you
thought this must be drunk then

At the thought that it (hope) betrayed for the
king slept and after that it emptied
as feeble as that.

she exhorts him by
his love to do this. It
is a natural human
situation. L McB is
more a sleepy man

she ascribes his
shrinking to fear which
will hurt him hereafter
she always speaks of this
crime enthusiastically

His wife would be a
coward in your own esteem

The ever-loves fish bird does not wish to insult feel
asserts his courage. just what
his wife wishes. Who dares to more
than a man is no man - L McB is faltering
in the folio do = to (bon).
by throwing
so the words preceding
a statement

launching questions at him
not have made

* If a man is more than he must be a
wild-beast or a god * you had more courage
than that last night * Was cowardice and
speaks seriously. 1 This shows that
there has been a conversation when McBeth
had sworn to kill the king. Duncan was
coming when this took place for he
must have been at the castle

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has?

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

Macbeth. Prithee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth. What beast was 't then
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth. We fail.
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady Macbeth. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

terrible remarks now. If I had known to do even so little a thing as to dash out the brains of my own child I would have filled my cup.

Now his thinking assumes the former possibility of failing. It is not impossible but a realization of the end of failure

1 Statement of facts. But seems to me your courage & me won't fail.

2 much like modern Hall. It has a certain amount of determination.

1 If it is corrupted it is not so good for Judy like B is not ejaculating

3. Like a catapult which is wound up until it just misses the castles until the day is fulfilled

4 Air station 5. Overcomer-Conquistador.

6. Christ's story that there was a clear passage from stomach to the head, and that rising fumes [illegible] headaches. It would come in the back of the brain and was some memory that was situated in the back of the head. [illegible] in the eye [illegible]

7. Cause & dumb dumb [illegible]

8. Spirituality. [illegible]

He has been dreaming of the weird sisters
& he dont want to dream of that

Banquo last, ghostly. Heavenly
communing
Summons from God of sleep
a presentiment. The audience are
always at this present
Shakespeare remark if you by the
to think him guilty. Says never before
going to bed as they thought the devil caused bad dreams

SCONE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *bearing a torch before him.*

Banquo. How goes the night, boy?
Fleance. The moon is down, I have not heard the clock.
Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.
Fleance. I take 't, 't is later, sir.
Banquo. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!—

Enter MACBETH, *and a* Servant *with a torch.*

Give me my sword.—
Who 's there?

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king 's abed:
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macbeth. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo. All 's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters:
To you they have show'd some truth.

Macbeth. I think not of them:
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macbeth. Good repose the while!

Banquo. Thanks, sir: the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.— [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand?—Come, let me clutch thee.

he is nervous.

unmeasured satisfaction

our wits had to give way to the
defects of our entertainment
last night. We're more you used to
the present night as ~~last night~~
even the coming evening is somehow
Banquo tells Duncan. Macbeth
[illegible] to head them
you & I
Macbeth might think that the
crown might come his way without
crime. If you will help my
hand, when the moment comes
you will have honours.
Banquo's [illegible] shows that he
and Macbeth
[illegible] suspicions. Undecided
in one way by Banquo and another
way by Macbeth's indigence.
A pause here. accounted for — brave
Lady tells him to leave to meet him
Macbeth perceives the
dagger so that he fears it may be
real — [illegible]

(a) deadly (b) victim sending fate

he was going the fatal way

gives this information

He later discovers
escaping from
fate and it confirms
him in his purpose.
It is made to fulfill
because he sees it

Same as Banquo above
All are lacking here
& now showed in
suspense.

The sound of the wolf
If the murderer
1 minute now a noisy
ment with long

dead silence

Same as Banquo above
All are lacking here
& now showed in
suspense.

the murderer (a) [illegible] with
(b) [illegible]
as the cry
human calling the hour
relieving strain
walk but often
steps.

2 as if the stones
might talk them
of New Testament

Fine bad. Macbeth is
not threatening.
Hamlet might
have said this

The rejoinder
here is good Parallels
the 1st by me beg is an interjection. If you
cut it out it leaves no sense + it seems
more naturally metrically for there is a
unmarked line between two by meter. This
is exceptional. There are many passages that
certainly have been put in.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit*

Scene II. *The Same.*

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark! Peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it:
The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores; I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. [*Within*] Who 's there? what, ho!

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed
Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband!

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macbeth. When?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark!
Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.*

The official drought that people took
lest before going to bed.

so that she may have killed them
something startled him
the drunkenness without success
(1) the attempt has confounded us - good -
(2) ~~the attempt~~ If he has dared to do this
and failed me are unmanned. Bitter -
makes bad. Has my husband failed?
with to do me. Darkness have if the pendulum looked
like my practice

she is calm: Her agitation ceases calming
the bonds: the deed done.
See notes Hunter living - first thing Macbeth
hears is "my husband" Lady Macb is now
thinking
Macbeth does not answer because he
thinks he hears a noise
he thinks thinking he hears noises quite
different from Donalbain for he asks
explanation some time after passed the chamber -
changes the subject.

The Chamberlains were Lancs. -
Henry an Arnoldbain & one more. One
of them Lancs in Lambeth etc

yes there are two there - Probably Malcolm
He hitches about on my back pain
the under. It is then he cries that to.
The notes are interspersed with sentiments

Lady Macbeth understands the possibility
of madness It is not hypocrisy -
Voice is imaginary It is imagination
so you cannot tell where voice ends
& the elaboration begins
taught theory of Hallucination

(1) Macbeth should shake no more in spite
of any letter he may receive.
(2) He repeats the witches words may run
in his mind As King his name would
be macbeth
She does not believe in the
supernatural she wants to soothe her
husband.

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
'Murther!'
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady Macbeth. What do you mean?

Macbeth. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murther'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I 'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.
Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 't is the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is 't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber.
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macbeth. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.
[*Knocking within.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!
[*Exeunt.*

Lady M not awakened up by dreams. Dreams
seem in fashion then. They proceed a
the 3 effect.

many wears
one uniformed

You are not allured by your own
creations

People sitting up late than they are
supposed to be

Sincere

All the tragedies have a bit of comedy like this. Must have a real lecture Mac's last speech and the talk with Duncan this must be indifferent & Mac Duff & Lennox cannot do it

intimations these sinners in disputation Protestants King England

ambiguous man
Figure of Justice with the effeminate negative scales. & an allusion to the unity with Communion cream against Papistry for this are of this church Traitor would have gotten Fraudulent cloak, a notorious thief

burn pleasant path -
professions not understood as now

[illegible]

Jealousy did not go to bed strait
2nd cock = 3 o'clock. (midnight.
3d hour before day light. Time until noon is unmeasurable. Shakespeare is concerned with time and the audience is waiting for events

Scene III. *The Same.*

Enter a Porter. *Knocking within.*

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who 's there? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.—[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*

Enter Macduff *and* Lennox.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, 20
That you do lie so late?

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring?

Enter Macbeth.

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth. Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?
Macbeth. Not yet.
Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him:
I have almost slipp'd the hour.
Macbeth. I 'll bring you to him.
Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet 't is one.
Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.
Macduff. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*
Lennox. Goes the king hence to day?
Macbeth. He does: he did appoint so.
Lennox. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time; the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night; some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.
Macbeth. 'T was a rough night.
Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!
Macbeth. }
Lennox. } What 's the matter?
Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
Macbeth. What is 't you say? the life?

Are the speeches of Macbeth good acting for us is acting. Does Shakespeare never have to ask what [illegible] would [illegible]

any kind of medicine

appointed

any dreadful occurance
that can to the time.

Derivation - Enfeoffed [illegible],
the king was the first anointed to
Duncan's body.

Macduff is acting unconsciously now
necessity of endowing nature's human
language more forcible than actual
language -

a sight that looks like the day of doom
carries out the figure
Does this harrow up countenances

supreme touch of nature, touch natural -

Shakespeare in strong passionate language
of grief - His still retaining many
words which in common use

Lennox. Mean you his majesty?
Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*
Awake, awake!
Ring the alarum-bell.—Murther and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain!—Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. What 's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!
Macduff. O gentle lady,
'T is not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!
Our royal master 's murther'd.
Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?
Banquo. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH *and* LENNOX.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There 's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM *and* DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss?
Macbeth. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd.
Macduff. Your royal father 's murther'd.
Malcolm. O, by whom?
Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't.
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their pillows:
They star'd, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.
Macbeth. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.
Macduff. Wherefore did you so?
Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murtherers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make 's love known?
Lady Macbeth. Help me hence, ho!
Macduff. Look to the lady.

The singular is good if students ideas are very clear to start.

Shows is nothing serious like

Even if they went in the same room they would show clear opposites and be looking for each other.

no means like much less a king's throne

Seems Saying this makes it certain

Simpler than more

Confusion - antithetic - utter confusion

The question above verses and yet succeeds. So this speech is the speech is the hardest one for Macbeth. the most certain confusion and need it unquestionably as is shown by the elaborateness of which they're.

Another figure from Shown of

resemblances of sounds between two clauses. This figure is forced. Shows deep sea had an improper opening. Breach means covered as with leaves

This is a true avowal. She does not faint entirely becomes as a attitude has been endured past strain

there is no reason to suppose this is a counterfeit the (moving train) is noted he also counts a [illegible] confidence between these two men.

Subject

Whether there for us to say this is not plain for us. We if any shrewd check [illegible] are in danger of [illegible] and this we can not [illegible] we must provide for ourselves before we march
Our violent [illegible] not yet [illegible]

Some one there is fault to every one suspects [illegible]

desire to do it.

[illegible] [illegible] like men.

A [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?
Donalbain. [*Aside to Malcolm*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,
Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?
Let 's away;
Our tears are not yet brew'd.
Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.
Banquo. Look to the lady:—
[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.
Macduff. And so do I.
All. So all.
Macbeth. Let 's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.
All. Well contented.
[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*
Malcolm. What will you do? Let 's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I 'll to England.
Donalbain. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There 's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.
Malcolm. This murtherous shaft that 's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away: there 's warrant in that theft
Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross *and an* old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Ross. Ah, good father,
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock 't is day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?
Old Man. 'T is unnatural,
Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.
Ross. And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.
Old Man. 'T is said they eat each other.
Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. —

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?
Macduff. Why, see you not?

Soliloquies.

What associates them with Hamlet.
That is a mannerism kind of stiffness goes away by Hamlet.
(simply) to refresh for the play's opinion as to volition not this scene is Shakespearean. This good.

being this quite
Shakespeare likes elaborate play upon
there is no reason why he should use
a line or a longer because of this
familiarity. But the play puns like
play upon. Notice the internal
evidence is ambiguous. He always
always plays the tune of the moment
1 Hamlet never took. So Hamlet
lamp = 3 Hen. Talmud
2 There are two reasons for delaying
has still Hamlet's mind today or does
day purposely ensued to face
3. Sing when more than one used for
plural when is movement not by
word.
4 Darling's

The flight of malcolm & Donalbain immediately caused them to be suspected
Macduff is taken

Exhumation of bodies which now but them must hardly to prevent the doing of anything evil

devour greedily Completely.
Speaking of Malcolm & Donalbain observe how to dumbfounds of these questions startling destroy almost they stunned him as. Very pertinent - You can see how ready he stands to the charge. This seems as the second hell of our line after first line of the other

his suggestion to rob his relatives being left to suspicion destroying bloody higher but all his reasons is that Duncan's sons are easier suspected than Macbeth would be for it seems absurd of suicide
Really [illegible] having to do with you and all that sort of argument etc
he has a just suspicion in his mind -

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?
Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.
Ross. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?
Macduff. They were suborn'd:
Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.
Ross. 'Gainst nature still:
Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.
Macduff. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.
Ross. Will you to Scone?
Macduff. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.
Ross. Well, I will thither.
Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there: adieu!
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!
Ross. Farewell, father.
Old Man. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!

[*Exeunt.*

FORRES.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo. Thou hast it now,—king, Cawdor, Glamis, all.—
As the weird women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

the Holinshead Banquo's
descendants accomplice to
Macbeth. the lord depute for
Banquo was accomplice me
feared how inhuman
to Thanes / macbeth -
Banquo was the wealth
wits & so thought he was
disappointed for the crime
he could see how well
it fits in with the weird sisters.
When something happens you
often think of past events
wrongly that point that way

Suspicion
goes backward

emphasize word.

The three [illegible] Speeches of the Inauguration are 1. 2. 3.

adverbial adjectival

Ceremonious - sometimes festive even merry - cf. solemnness Clemency

Address the king inaugurates he shows

ceremonies in sense of inflicting affords itself by good results Royal use

good idiom. If my house does not go to ruin fortune - a house name to stay out after dark -

the the here is one all that

the less letters of the thing of the number address forms Mrs Smith

transplant [illegible]

[illegible]

Sennet sounded. *Enter* MACBETH, *as king;* LADY MACBETH, *as queen;* LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. Here 's our chief guest.
Lady Macbeth. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.
Macbeth. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I 'll request your presence.
Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord.
Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we 'll take to-morrow.
Is 't far you ride?
Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.
Macbeth. Fail not our feast.
Banquo. My lord, I will not.
Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?
Banquo. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon 's.
Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.— [*Exit Banquo.*
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you!
[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*
Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
Our pleasure?
Attendant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.
Macbeth. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Attendant.*
To be thus is nothing;
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd: 't is much he dares,
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and under him
My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophet-like
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murther'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who 's there?

(1) To make me more welcome
(2) to make me like you better

told them
This was untrue in many ways but always supposed to be permanent quickly since last war. We don't bother about this exaction time

Macbeth's soliloquies are as great as Hamlets Banquo is a person whose nature is Royal in a good and exalting nature in addition to.

Continued existence
No one cares whether he was likely or not to talk about this topic. This is the way he would interpret Banquo whom he was related

Macbeth has no children.
by.

Defiled

2 to the death
a reference

pitiless
Macbeth was afraid with all but now he feels at strife and in suspension with all
I sound this word rings through the play like a knell
heart that shakes
Macbeth's isolation because he is always thinking

Burial arrangements of kings make secret interments in public places

These murderers are inhuman. They are not professionals. They are gentlemen by birth who think that they have been annoyed by Banquo's ghost. His suggestion. So this is not the work of a hired assassin but by vengeance — or revenge

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

values is not [illegible] but [illegible] "well-posted" there is no need to [illegible] ed means provided with. So [illegible] from value-d. The [illegible] besides with the values. A [illegible]

[illegible]

Re-enter Attendant, *with two* Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.—
[*Exit Attendant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth. Well then, now
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer. We are men, my liege.

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clept
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now if you have a station in the file,
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.
Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.
First Murderer. And I another
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it or be rid on 't.
Macbeth. Both of you
Know Banquo was your enemy.
Both Murderers. True, my lord.
Macbeth. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: and though I could
With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
Who I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.
Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.
First Murderer. Though our lives—
Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

"Hark" Ode

[illegible]

[illegible] as in a dime
[illegible] in a coined dream

[illegible] shadow [illegible] with [illegible]

Observation
Every minute has time [illegible]
a dagger against [illegible]

[illegible] fault
[illegible] [illegible] for [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

instinct.

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness: and with him—
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I 'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macbeth. I 'll call upon you straight: abide within.
[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter Lady Macbeth *and a* Servant.

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady Macbeth. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is safer to be that which we destroy
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what 's done is done.

Macbeth. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:
She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady Macbeth. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
And make our faces visards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

Macbeth. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy 's not eterne.

Macbeth. There 's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady Macbeth. What 's to be done?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck.

Shakes access

Shakes seems like to show the worst of a deformed person in the same line I have shown my uncle & [illegible] & rarely ever put blame on person.

[illegible] features

are the things he is afraid of

she is in the same state of mind as [illegible] husband but does not let him see it

then meant to suit herself & the whims of another - so - to flatter - & impostor

we know ourselves the while -

is that we (1) extend [illegible] of flatter
(2) extend [illegible] probably the person suffering & the way this

Lear not likely to live forever

Macbeth depends on his wife for moral support. She carries out his idea - & he lets the murder go on

Wing cases that looks like little pieces of broken pottery C. f. Shards.

word of familiar affection

nothing to do with real

Macbeth is still arguing to [illegible]
language. The fact that Banquo's
mind [illegible] the assurance of [illegible]
[illegible] the king dies
[illegible] like "Words to the heat of deeds" [illegible] misty
not as bad as that but [illegible]
[illegible] night is introduced for the sake
of the next scene.

Lady Macbeth we have to do
[illegible] as Macbeth did to
[illegible]

Detail of time for [illegible] scene
before dusk.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
So, prithee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *A Park near the Palace.*

Enter three Murderers.

First Murderer. But who did bid thee join with us?
Third Murderer. Macbeth.
Second Murderer. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
Our offices and what we have to do
To the direction just.
First Murderer. Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.
Third Murderer. Hark! I hear horses.
Banquo. [*Within*] Give us a light there, ho!
Second Murderer. Then 't is he: the rest
That are within the note of expectation
Already are i' the court.
First Murderer. His horses go about.
Third Murderer. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.
Second Murderer. A light, a light!

Enter BANQUO, *and* FLEANCE *with a Torch.*

Third Murderer. 'T is he.
First Murderer. Stand to 't.
Banquo. It will be rain to-night.
First Murderer. Let it come down.
[*They set upon Banquo.*
Banquo. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*
Third Murderer. Who did strike out the light?
First Murderer. Was 't not the way?
Third Murderer. There 's but one down; the son is fled.
Second Murderer. We have lost
Best half of our affair.
First Murderer. Well, let 's away and say how much is done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Hall in the Palace.*

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thanks to your majesty.
Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.
Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer *appears at the door.*

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.—
Both sides are even: here I 'll sit i' the midst.

old suggestion that we [illegible]
[illegible] minds as absurd.
1st of the same thousand one hundred
and twenty-
2nd of the same Lieutenant of Flowers
[illegible]

[illegible] Banquo's ear
[illegible] the [illegible] response
was now that [illegible]

[illegible] that [illegible]
[illegible] in order of [illegible]
my first and last words will
be [illegible] read and
[illegible] to the royal ear -
Condescending familiarly
Say they will ask [illegible]
us - the substitution of words
is done purposely - to give
me a studied effect -

plentiful as armies

this stage management
murder is made public in a
change for good parts
Macbeth is greedy excited
the murders are happy they
have done this for pleasure
not for money

this shows that Macbeth
was not the third murder for
this speech is Macbeths thoughts
all en easing
Duncan is a small place
impartinate. ~~Fides~~ personified

Serpents old meaning.

~~Macbeth~~ Macbeth interviews
this interview takes place during
the banquet after Lords getting
seated around table Macbeth
says it a little long. You
ambassadors to me but to see the
heart of your dominions in this
academic

Be large in mirth; anon we 'll drink a measure
The table round.—[*Approaching the door*] There 's blood upon thy face.

Murderer. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'T is better thee without than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macbeth. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he 's good
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Murderer. Most royal sir,
Fleance is scap'd.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo 's safe?

Murderer. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macbeth. Thanks for that.
[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies; the worm that 's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We 'll hear ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,
'T is given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer!

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lennox. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macbeth. The table 's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady Macbeth. O proper stuff!
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,

The opportunity of the ghost is the weather of persons. Shakespeare intended the audience to see the ghost although no stage directions. The ghost in this scene might appear to one or to every one. Because only one person hears him did not prove that he was not real. By comparing it with the air drawn dagger you does not prove that the ghost is not there and that he does not address him there. The audience are not a part of the play. They might see the ghost when the actors do not as they hear and see what the actors do. It is hard to bring in this ghost practically & transfer to the reader as real. The reader must not have the ghost but that is not the question.

This is a condition that Macbeth often falls into. For example when he is not letting the truth, he is not for some time after a moment's thought will be sure to afford him any kind reward for any one. By suffering she turns to her husband the news of Duncan's death is no explicable meaning and shows that a pause does not cause for a wounded by Blake 1 Sense 2. A fine character She does not blame him & laugh him with contempt to any him to himself.

after all
he is looking at the chair -
the ghost man has made a
sign with his head
small house attended to church where
bones were turned up when a new
grave was dug thereby could
with the rites and hints that
[illegible] human [illegible]
[illegible] days [illegible] There was
no distinction [illegible] between human
& human. Some way then. That
was two ways of pronouncing the
same word. Complete or complete
as accents are what accents
became attached to one meaning

a natural excuse that goes
in with his other shows

desperate brave, challenges
the ghost to come again
a last [illegible] one to come
on

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.
Macbeth. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?—
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—
If charnel-houses and our graves must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*
Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmann'd in folly?
Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.
Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!
Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murthers on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murther is.
Lady Macbeth. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.
Macbeth. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I 'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.
Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.
Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*
Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.
Lady Macbeth. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.
Macbeth. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Ross. What sights, my lord?
Lady Macbeth. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:

... why call down the ghost of Duncan.

... they say Banquo has died to-night
... on the Fudge [illegible] murdered
... subsequent to fit

I dare do all that doth

desert = dessert of iron- muscles.
[illegible] meat brain alone
X the mind may be sane
but suddenly remembers he is not
dead & buried
& the murdering victim, a sickly baby
very well since you are [illegible]

Affairs
wonderful what an active [illegible]
[illegible] ... one of us

[illegible] my own disposition -
I thought I was ... [illegible]
... now seeing you in mind
... begin to believe it
... & affectionately [illegible]

Don't be so scrupulous about precedence
Stand upon likes in circumstance.

reasons as they are given by the lawyers
this usual habit of talking to you. The
Greek the saying presupposes this
idea in the mind of the speaker that
the audience is the second time
it comes to the house must accompany
it. They say belongs to the classes that
is the principle.

He assumes himself he heard it
stamps upon [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Considerations

affected [illegible] to.

Good example between excellent
Prudence Abroad about in this
way. Which which pressures a
[illegible] the nature of anything strong
[illegible]
[illegible] the result of hardening

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lennox. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady Macbeth. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*

Macbeth. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way, but I will send:
There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth. Come, we 'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, *meeting* HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art?
And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I 'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

Not a word written by Shakespeare. Perhaps when the play was made out

[illegible] divide upon each side in. They act independently with before them upon this scene to obey them in all secret.

course done this without a double but for one reading his words. Edition words. He omits leaden words question Lenville for comment them anyway as Parfa.

[illegible] passage [illegible]

[illegible] ready to fall

[illegible]

bad. Creature creatures
Definite evidence positive evidence
with.
Circumstances leave no dispute in
this case.

Suspicions is rife now in Scotland
You cannot tell how much time was
wasted quite quickly I came
what Hamlet said so far have
left your thoughts to wanting
Comedy may be shortening a scene —
to middle of the speech all day is
carried on
Save suspicion with Ring + Bungo
Of course Hamlet did not kill him
now the speech becomes difficult
murder murders the simple fact
before direction to follow dead.

managers
and meaning of will
If I've said enough for.
an
and
and

And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.
[*Music and a song within:* 'Come away, come away,' etc.
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*
First Witch. Come, let 's make haste; she'll soon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Forres. The Palace.*

Enter LENNOX *and another* Lord.

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd.
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an 't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by help of these, with Him above
To ratify the work, we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage and receive free honours;
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Lennox. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,'
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say 'You 'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer.'

Lennox. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I 'll send my prayers with him!

[*Exeunt*

with holds
by the Confessor

The honors which we receive, we keep by word
deeds. His may upon
to fold or hold. Words
no difference

message to Macbeth
is not faithful. Our
heart is overburdened

Macbeth does not
give [illegible] by

Did he summon Macduff to come
The messenger went to Macd &
received the reply. Sir not to
messenger bowed & went
back the message would be sorry
for me the message that makes
me go back slowly unwillingly—
unpopular messengers were often
killed at once

Macduff is the defendant of the messenger

Thus order after suffering is restored

up to 3 ll we began meeting of the cast
the natives seem able to take care of
themselves. There is no question of
the human nature. When they go
through with the chants they
come in & breaks in with the ol
native snakes & any system for
performance with the ring dance
for this is first time Indians are
brought up as mercenary. They have
no need to dance for anything
is already native. Their music
dance & theatre gets out. As
goes on until 1 or 1:30 with
boys & girls dancing until a
very dance & sandals native
& then comes theatre. So you
see how the theatre patterned
in shadow in the true sense of
performance & time it up-

Student & incarnation
leader medium, & finds
the proper sights
& finds spirit

we have had
native dances the
writers about
like human
nature. Saturday
take on the spirit
idea

a word was suggested
to sweat with drums

The chants
probably an adaptation. Their mind

THE DUNSINANE RANGE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Cavern. In the Middle, a Boiling Cauldron Thunder. Enter the three* Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.
Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
Third Witch. Harpier cries,—'t is time, 't is time.
First Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.
All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
Liver of blaspheming Jew,
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
Finger of birth-strangled babe
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab:
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hecate. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains:
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song:* 'Black spirits,' etc. *Hecate retires.*

Slices off one side
all nucleus animals

harmless but supposed to be
exploit poisonous

Skulls of bitches those their
offspring

previous body & mulch
carcass were found in
[illegible] Mounting of
this work. Specimens
grades of carpels & the
[illegible] [illegible] taken
the cake. So the other
humans are outside of
the human pale

& who had
piled up such
skeletons

had not been
helpless & so
would be dead.

& Bill Hecate was wholesaler

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.
First Witch. Speak.
Second Witch. Demand.
Third Witch. We 'll answer.
First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters.
Macbeth. Call 'em; let me see 'em.
First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that 's sweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

Thunder. *First* Apparition: *an armed Head.*

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
First Witch. He knows thy thought:
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
First Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me: enough. [*Descends.*
Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one word more,—
First Witch. He will not be commanded: here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *Second* Apparition: *a bloody Child.*

Second Apparition. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macbeth. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.
Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macbeth. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?
But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

Thunder. *Third* Apparition: *a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.*

What is this,
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to 't.
Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show!
Second Witch. Show!
Third Witch. Show!
All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

A show of eight Kings, *the last with a glass in his hand; Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth!—Start, eyes!—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet!—A seventh!—I 'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Now I see 't is true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.— [*Apparitions vanish.*
What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights:
I 'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round,
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX.

Lennox. What 's your grace's will?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters?

Lennox. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you?

Lennox. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by?

Lennox. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England!

Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise,
Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I 'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* Ross.

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none;
His flight was madness: when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I 'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort:
I take my leave at once. [*Exit.*

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father 's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

Lady Macduff. Poor bird! thou 'dst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead: how wilt thou do for a father?

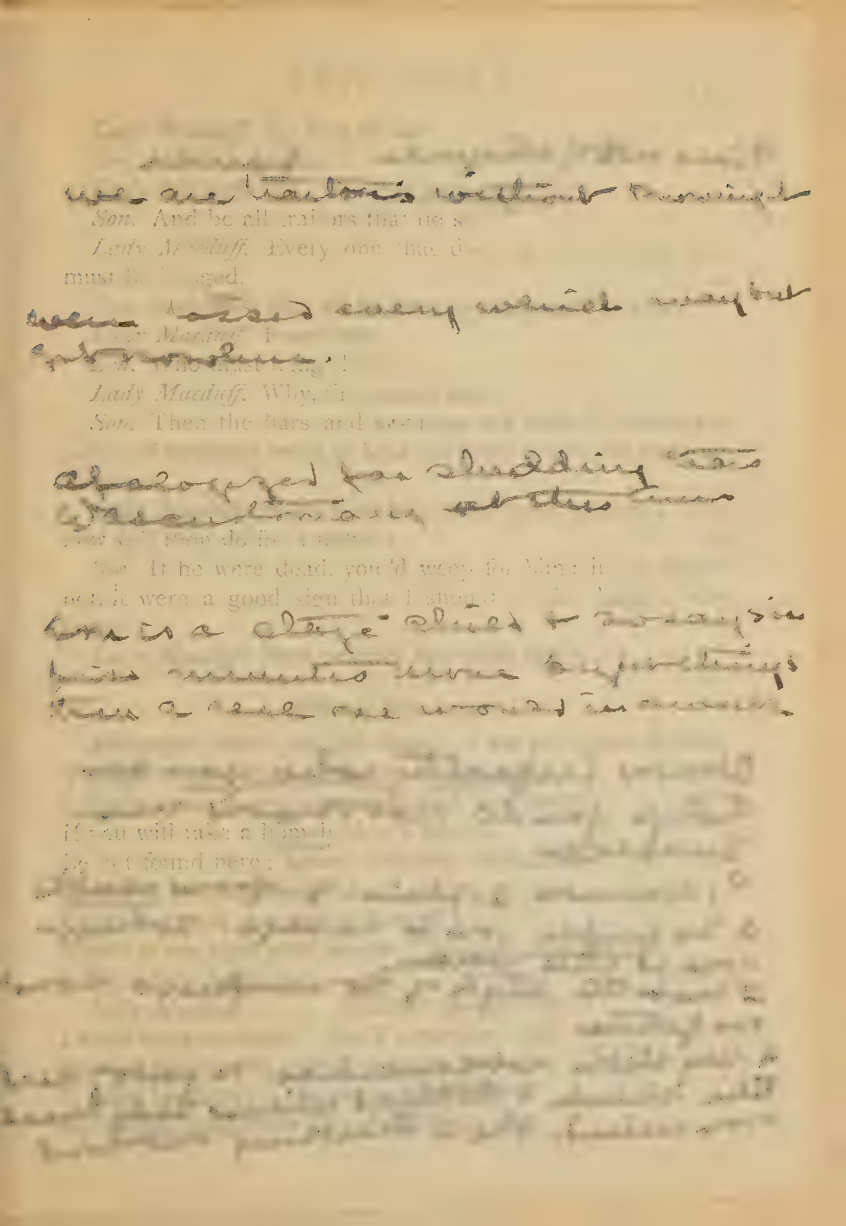
Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again.

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?



Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit.*

Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying* 'Murther!'
Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM *and* MACDUFF.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm. What I believe, I 'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

professional

C.f. Falstaff + Prince

Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.
Macduff. I am not treacherous.
Malcolm. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.
Macduff. I have lost my hopes.
Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.
Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.
Malcolm. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;

And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands; but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff. What should he be?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macduff. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Malcolm. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

Macduff. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be

Crown King of Scotland

after death
in the person of Malcolm.

crowns his victorious Macbeth

disclaims

Government
Country

discretion — stir unfounded —

holding in

He is plural and. Summons
any difference with which mind
matters goes.

manage scarcely
have room enough for them —

That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Malcolm. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macduff. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Malcolm. But I have none: the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland!

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macduff. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,

When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she liv'd.—Fare thee well!
These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now we 'll together, and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'T is hard to reconcile.

full of grace.

Enter a Doctor.

Malcolm. Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doctor. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*

Macduff. What 's the disease he means?

Malcolm. 'T is call'd the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. See, who comes here?

Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macduff. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true !
Malcolm. What 's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macduff. How does my wife ?
Ross. Why, well.
Macduff. And all my children ?
Ross. Well too.
Macduff. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?
Ross. No ; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.
Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't ?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Malcolm. Be 't their comfort
We are coming thither : gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out.
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.
Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?
Ross. No mind that 's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macduff. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Malcolm. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macduff. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all.
That could be found.
Macduff. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let 's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macduff. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.
Macduff. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!
Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macduff. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!
Malcolm. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

[*Exeunt.*

SEAL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

DUNKELD.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic *and a* Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 't is most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, *with a taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command.

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here 's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the

perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well,—

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo 's buried; he cannot come out on 's grave.

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! there 's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, *and* Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenges burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he 's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murthers sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Menteith. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caithness. Well, march we on,

To give obedience where 't is truly owed:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.
Lennox. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, *and* Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What 's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus:
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that 's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures:
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where gott'st thou that goose look?
Servant. There is ten thousand—
Macbeth. Geese, villain?
Servant. Soldiers, sir.
Macbeth. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?
Servant. The English force, so please you.
Macbeth. Take thy face hence.— [*Exit Servant.*
Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or dis-ease me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
Seyton!

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton. What 's your gracious pleasure?
Macbeth. What news more?
Seyton. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.
Macbeth. I 'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
Give me my armour.
Seyton. 'T is not needed yet.
Macbeth. I 'll put it on.
Send out moe horses, skirr the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
How does your patient, doctor?
Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macbeth. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
Doctor. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.—

a note for readings of folios.
decent kindly any change from dis-eat.
dis-ease is temperature of the
evacuation of the folio.
dis-eat = kindly use of my chair
this a common simple figure
dis-ease. cheer → disease
ease → now of the
note with entertainment you can
how understand it is. This sentence
of happiness in being easy →
restorative use. It sounds more
like a feast: "To eat here
nothing but to enjoy them."

Seyton.

Macbeth. I'll put it on.

Send out more

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,

That keep her from her rest.

Cure her of that.

[illegible] the memory a rooted sorrow,

[illegible] the written troubles of the brain,

And with some sweet oblivious antidote

Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

Therein the patient

[illegible] to himself.

[illegible] Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

Doctor. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macbeth. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *Country near Birnam Wood.*

Drum and colours. Enter Malcolm, *old* Siward *and his* Son, Macduff, Menteith, Caithness, Angus, Lennox, Ross, *and* Soldiers, *marching.*

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear 't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Malcolm. 'T is his main hope;
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.
Macduff. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.
Siward. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate;
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene V. *Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and colours.*

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still 'They come!' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?
Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*
Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—

over
long reign common in those days + mine always accompanied by decreased unlawful gains
reinforced
slate a little he is
right strong

Deal with Devil no it
story
a character giving account of his
own diary theory

Macbeth stands in need of the finest
passages in the work. He means
that his crimes his noble rank
his ambitions are paralysed.
a pathetic situation. We could
have a human victim in Macb
the world not yet quite lost if he
were merely a clear-sighted
villain.

(+) Olivier was so thought
Shakespeare had in mind a
bad player. But the pathetic
fact is that a player cannot
perpetuate his art. Film is like
human life. Actor Anderson and
this in mind so not a bad player
but ~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~

~~[illegible]~~ a feeling ~~that the~~ messenger
is another of the tragedy. You
do not want him ~~[illegible]~~ Macbeth
written

(1) checking
(2) Evil thinking into his head

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave!

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth: 'Fear not, till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunsinane;' and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I gin to be aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.—
Ring the alarum-bell!—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the Castle.*

Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, MACDUFF, *and their* Army, *with boughs.*

Malcolm. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle; worthy Macduff and we
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.
Siward. Fare you well.
Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

begins to doubt

This scene very good. Increases Macbeth's stature

Convey's information about the Scottish system of being monarchies.

Macbeth sees he is through in Dunsinane

One hour in a Press Bureau. Has no smoking nor outside

Enter young SIWARD.

Young Siward. What is thy name?
Macbeth. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.
Young Siward. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.
Macbeth. My name 's Macbeth.
Young Siward. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.
Macbeth. No, nor more fearful.
Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.
[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*
Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that 's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM *and old* SIWARD.

Siward. This way, my lord. The castle 's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;

The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
Malcolm. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.
Siward. Enter, sir, the castle.
[*Exeunt. Alarum*

Scene VIII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter Macduff.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!
Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macduff. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*
Macbeth. Thou losest labour.
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.
Macduff. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.
Macbeth. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so.
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

We have met foes who do not
bite us like these creatures
fall by our sides being half
unarmed

Slims fear of Macduff because
I take out his dear ones
invades. He believes that he
will kill Macduff for no
believes woman can kill him

Pretty defiance
(1) Let them Chance despair
(2) Give up hope in God

Lady Courage

[illegible] with us in words
the [illegible] of the friends
[illegible] a man who [illegible]
[illegible] fear is a fool. He sees more
[illegible] the false here amplifying well
[illegible]. There is a resemblance
as if he [illegible] his senses
in disgust

1 painted on a canvas to be raised
on a pole
this [illegible] can be cut out [illegible]
[illegible]
confusion of cases common
the same by all right

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I 'll not fight with thee.
Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We 'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'
Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, *old* SIWARD, ROSS, *the other* Thanes, *and* Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.
Siward. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Siward. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siward. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death;
And so his knell is knoll'd.
Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I 'll spend for him.
Siward. He 's worth no more:
They say he parted well and paid his score;
And so God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, *with* MACBETH'S *head.*

Macduff. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
The usurper's cursed head; the time is free.
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
Hail, King of Scotland!
All. Hail, King of Scotland! [*Flourish.*
Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ought c. f. nothing to eat

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
B. J., Ben Jonson.
C., Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition).
Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
Cf. (*confer*), compare.
Coll., Collier.
Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
C. P. ed., "Clarendon Press" edition of *Macbeth* (Oxford, 1869).
D., Dyce.
F. Q., Spenser's *Faërie Queene*.
Furness, "New Variorum" edition of *Macbeth* (Philadelphia, 1873).
H., Hudson.
Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII.*
Hunter, Joseph Hunter's *New Illustrations*, etc. (see p. 32, foot-note).
Id. (*idem*), the same.
J. C. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Cæsar.*
J. Hunter, John Hunter's edition of *Macbeth* (London, 1869).
K., Knight.
Mätzner, *English Grammar*, trans. by Grece (London, 1874).
Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice.*
Moberly, C. E. Moberly's edition of *Macbeth* (London, 1872).
Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
Prol., Prologue.
Rich. II. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Richard II.*
S., Shakespeare.
Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
Shep. Kal., Spenser's *Shepherd's Kalendar.*
Sr., Singer.
St., Staunton.
Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest.*
Theo., Theobald.
V., Verplanck.
W., White.
Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
Warb., Warburton.
Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare*, by John Weiss (Boston, 1876).
Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets.*

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspere's Plays" (*Transactions of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877–79, p. 207), as follows:

"Time of the Play nine days represented on the stage, and intervals.
Day 1. Act I. sc. i. to iii.
" 2. Act I. sc. iv. to vii.
" 3. Act II. sc. i. to iv.
An interval, say a couple of weeks.
" 4. Act III. sc. i. to v.
[Act III. sc. vi., an impossible time.]
" 5. Act IV. sc. i.
[Professor Wilson supposes an interval of certainly not more than two days between Days 5 and 6; Paton marks two days. The general breathless haste of the play is, I think, against any such interval between Macbeth's purpose and its execution.]
" 6. Act IV. sc. ii.
An interval. Ross's journey to England. Paton allows two weeks.
" 7. Act IV. sc. iii., Act V. sc. i.
An interval. Malcolm's return to Scotland. Three weeks, according to Paton.
" 8. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.
" 9. Act V. sc. iv. to viii."

On i. 3 Mr. Daniel comments as follows: "Ross and Angus come from the King. Ross describes how the news of Macbeth's success reached the King, by post after post. He appears to have entirely forgotten that he himself was the messenger; he however greets Macbeth with the title of Cawdor, and Angus informs Macbeth that Cawdor lies under sentence of death for 'treasons capital,' but whether he was in league with Norway, or with the rebel [Macdonwald], or with both, he knows not. Ross did know when, in the preceding scene, he took the news of the victory to the King; but he also appears to have forgotten it; at any rate he does not betray his knowledge. Macbeth's loss of memory is even more remarkable than Ross's. He doesn't recollect having himself defeated Cawdor but a few short hours—we might say minutes—ago; and the Witches' prophetic greeting of him by that title, and Ross's confirmation of it, fill him with surprise; for, so far as he knows (or *recollects*, shall we say?) the thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman."

As to the interval between Days 3 and 4, Mr. Daniel says: "Between Acts II. and III. the long and dismal period of Macbeth's reign described or referred to in Act III. sc. vi., Act IV. sc. ii. and iii., and elsewhere in the play, must have elapsed. Macbeth himself refers to it where, in Act III. sc. iv., speaking of his Thanes, he says:

'There 's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.'—

And again—

'I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more.
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'

Yet, almost in the same breath he says—

> 'My strange and self-abuse
> Is the initiate fear *that wants hard use:*
> *We are yet but young in deed.*'

And the first words with which Banquo opens this Act—'Thou hast it now,' etc.—would lead us to suppose that a few days at the utmost can have passed since the coronation at Scone; in the same scene, however, we learn that Malcolm and Donalbain are bestowed in England and in Ireland: some little time must have elapsed before this news could have reached Macbeth. Professor Wilson suggests a week or two for this interval. Mr. Paton would allow three weeks."

Of iii. 6, Mr. Daniel says: "It is impossible to fix the time of this scene. In it 'Lenox and another Lord' discuss the position of affairs. The murder of Banquo and the flight of Fleance are known to Lenox, and he knows that Macduff lives in disgrace because he was not at the feast, but that is the extent of his knowledge. The other Lord informs him that Macbeth did send to Macduff, and that Macduff has fled to England to join Malcolm. And that thereupon Macbeth 'prepares for some attempt of war.' All this supposes the lapse, at the very least, of a day or two since the night of Macbeth's banquet; but in the next scene to this we find we have only arrived at the early morning following the banquet, up to which time the murder of Banquo could not have been known; nor had Macbeth sent to Macduff, nor was the flight of the latter known. The scene in fact is an impossibility in any scheme of time, and I am compelled therefore to place it within brackets.—See Professor Wilson's amusing account of this 'miraculous' scene in the fifth part of *Dies Boreales* [reprinted in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans. for* 1875–76, pp. 351–58]."

List of Characters, with the Scenes in which they appear, etc.—The numbers in parentheses give the number of lines the characters have in each scene.

Duncan: i. 2(15), 4(36), 6(18). Whole no. 69.

Malcolm: i. 2(6), 4(10); ii. 3(14); iv. 3(141); v. 4(11), 6(6), 7(2), 8(20). Whole no. 210.

Sergeant: i. 2(35). Whole no. 35.

Lennox: i. 2(2); ii. 3(20); iii. 4(5), 6(32); iv. 1(6); v. 2(7). Whole no. 72.

Ross: i. 2(18), 3(16); ii. 4(26); iii. 4(5); iv. 2(19), 3(41); v. 8(9). Whole no. 134.

Macbeth: i. 3(50), 4(16), 5(4), 7(48); ii. 1(45), 2(39), 3(33); iii. 1(114), 2(41), 4(105); iv. 1(75); v. 3(55), 5(44), 7(10), 8(26). Whole no. 705.

Banquo: i. 3(42), 4(2), 6(8); ii. 1(24), 3(11); iii. 1(21), 3(4). Whole no. 112.

Angus: i. 3(12); v. 2(9). Whole no. 21.

Messenger: i. 5(5); iv. 2(9); v. 5(9). Whole no. 23.

Porter: ii. 3(40). Whole no. 40.

Macduff: ii. 3(40), 4(14); iv. 3(91); v. 4(3), 6(2), 7(10), 8(19). Whole no. 179.

Donalbain: ii. 3(9). Whole no. 9.
Old Man: ii. 4(11). Whole no. 11.
Attendant: iii. 1(1), Whole no. 1.
1*st Murderer:* iii. 1(10), 3(11), 4(7); iv. 2(4). Whole no. 32.
2*d Murderer:* iii. 1(8), 3(9). Whole no. 17.
3*d Murderer:* iii. 3(8). Whole no. 8.
Servant: iii. 2(2); v. 3(3). Whole no. 5.
Lord: iii. 4(3), 6(21). Whole no. 24.
1*st Apparition:* iv. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
2*d Apparition:* iv. 1(4). Whole no. 4.
3*d Apparition:* iv. 1(5). Whole no. 5.
English Doctor: iv. 3(5). Whole no. 5.
Scotch Doctor: v. 1(38), 3(9). Whole no. 47.
Menteith: v. 2(10), 4(2). Whole no. 12.
Caithness: v. 2(11). Whole no. 11.
Seyton: v. 3(3), 5(2). Whole no. 5.
Old Siward: v. 4(10), 6(3), 7(6), 8(11). Whole no. 30.
Young Siward: v. 7(7). Whole no. 7.
Fleance: ii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
Son to Macduff: iv. 2(21). Whole no. 21.
1*st Witch:* i. 1(6), 3(34); iii. 5(2); iv. 1(40). Whole no. 82.
2*d Witch:* i. 1(6), 3(12); iv 1(30). Whole no. 48.
3*d Witch:* i. 1(5), 3(14); iv. 1(29). Whole no. 48.
Hecate: iii. 5(34); iv. 1(5). Whole no. 39.
Lady Macbeth: i. 5(71), 6(11), 7(43); ii. 2(46), 3(6); iii. 1(3), 2(18), 4(40); v. 1(23). Whole no. 261.
Lady Macduff: iv. 2(42). Whole no. 42.
Gentlewoman: v. 1(27). Whole no. 27.
"*All*": ii. 3(2), iii. 5(1). Whole no. 3.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of lines in the play greater than it is. The actual no. of lines is: i. 1(12), 2(67), 3(156), 4(58), 5(58), 6(74), 7(31), 8(82); ii. 1(64), 2(73), 3(152), 4(41); iii. 1(142), 2(56), 3(22), 4(144), 5(37), 6(49); iv. 1(156), 2(85), 3(240); v. 1(87), 2(31), 3(62), 4(21), 5(52), 6(10), 7(29). 8(75). Whole no. in the play, 2108. The line-numbering is that of the Globe ed.

Macbeth is the shortest of the plays, with the exception of the *Comedy of Errors* (1778 lines) and *The Tempest* (2065).

THE BELLMAN OF LONDON

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.—(ii. 2. 5.)

INDEX OF WORDS EXPLAINED.

a one, 222.
abuse (=deceive), 187.
access (accent), 171.
Acheron, 223.
actual, 246.
addition (=title), 164, 209.
addressed (=made ready), 190.
adhere (=cohere), 179.
admired (=admirable), 220.
advise (=instruct), 209.
afeared, 163.
affeered, 239.
alarm, 247.
alarumed, 187.
Aleppo, 157.
all (=any), 210.
all-hailed, 169.
all-thing, 206.
angel (=genius), 254.
angerly, 223.
anon, 152.
antic, 234.
anticipate (=prevent), 235.
approve (=prove), 174.
arbitrate, 251.
argument (=theme), 201.
armed (=armoured), 219.
aroint, 156.
artificial, 223.
as, 204, 251.
as (omitted), 199, 208.
as 't were, 167.
as who shou'd say, 226.
at a point, 241.
at first and last, 214.
at odds, 222.
at quiet, 198.
auger-hole, 201.
augurs, 221.
authorized (accent), 218.
avoid (=withdraw), 149.
aweary, 252.

baboon (accent), 229.
baby (=doll), 220.
badged, 200.
bane (=ruin), 250.
bank, 177.
banquet, 168.
battle (=battalion), 252.
beguile, 172.
bellman, 189.
Bellona, 155.
bend up, 182.
benison, 205.
bestowed, 207, 226.
bestride, 237.
Birnam, 232.
birthdom, 237.
bladed, 230.
blanket, 171.
blind-worm, 228.
blood-boltered, 234.
bodements, 233.
bond, 231.
boot, to, 239.
borne (=managed), 224.
borne in hand, 208.
bought (=gained), 178.
brainsickly, 192.
break to (with), 179.
breeched, 200.
breed (=race), 241.
brinded, 227.
broad (=free), 225.
broil (=battle), 152.
bruited, 253.
buskling, 135.
buz, 243.

cancel, 212.
captains (trisyllable), 154.
card (of compass), 157.
careless (=uncared for), 167.
casing, 214.
catalogue, 208.
Cawdor Castle, 155.
censures (=judgments), 251.
champion (verb), 208.
chancemedley, 143.
chastise (accent), 170.
chaudron, 229.
cheek, 220.
cheer, 215.
cherubin, 178.
children (trisyllable), 243.
chough, 221.
chuck, 212.
clept, 209.
cling, 252.
cloistered, 211.
close (=secret), 223, 246.
closed (=enclosed), 209.
cloudy (=frowning), 226.
coign, 174.
cold (dissyllable), 228.
Colme-kill, 205.
combustion, 199.
come, 166.
commend (=commit), 177, 207.
composition (=terms of peace), 156.
compt, 175.
conference (dissyllable), 208.
confineless, 239.
confound (=ruin), 189.
confronted, 155.
confusion (=destruction), 199, 223.
conjure (accent), 230.
constancy (=firmness), 194.
content (=satisfaction), 210.
continent (=restraining), 239.
convert (intransitive), 245.
convey (=enjoy secretly), 239.
convince (=overcome), 180, 242.
copy (legal), 211.
corporal, 162.
countenance (verb), 199.
course, 252.
coursed, 175.
cousin, 165.
crack (of doom), 234.
cracks (=charges), 154.
cries (=gives the signal), 228.
Cumberland, 168.

dainty of, 202.
dear, 247.
deliver (=report), 169.
demi-wolves, 209.
deny (=refuse), 222.
despair (transitive), 253.
devil (monosyllable), 164.

dew (verb), 248.
digged, 229.
direness, 251.
dis-ease, 249.
displaced (=banished), 220.
dispute, 245.
distance (=alienation), 209.
dollars, 156.
doubt (=suspect), 237.
drink (=posset), 184.
drowse, 213.
dudgeon, 186.
dun, 171.
Dunsinane, 233.

easy (adverb), 202, 253.
eat (=ate), 204.
eclipse, 229.
ecstasy, 211.
effects (=actions), 246.
egg, 237.
either (monosyllable), 253.
embrace (=undergo), 210.
enemy (dissyllable), 209.
England (=King of England), 239.
enkindle unto, 164.
enow, 198, 237.
entrance (trisyllable), 170.
estate, 252.
evil (=scrofula), 242.
exasperate, 226.
expedition (=haste), 200.

fact (=evil deed), 225.
faculties (=prerogatives), 177.
fail (his presence), 226.
fantastical, 161, 165.
fare (dissyllable), 241.
farrow, 230.
favour, 166, 172.
fears (=causes of fear), 165.
fee-grief, 244.
feel (dissyllable), 172.
fell (=skin), 251.
felly, 146.
file (=list), 209, 247.
filed (=defiled), 208.
firstlings, 235.
fits o' the season, 235.
flighty, 235.
flout, 155.
foisons, 240.
for (=as regards), 235.
for (=because of), 209.
forbid (=accursed), 158.
forced, 251.
forge (=frame), 240.
Forres, 158.
frame, 210.
franchised, 184.
free (adverb), 184.
free (=remove), 226.
from (=apart from), 209.
from (=because of), 236.
from (=on account of), 225.
fry, 237.
fume, 181.
function, 166.
furbished, 154.

gallowglasses, 153, 253.
gentle my lord, 211.
gently (=readily), 253.
germens, 230.
get (=beget), 162.
gild (with blood), 192.
gilt (play upon), 192.
gin (=begin), 153, 252.
gin (=snare), 236.
give out (=show), 244.
Glamis Village and Castle, 160.
go off (=die), 254.
go to, 247.
go with me, 213.
God 'ield, 175.
golden (blood), 200.
goose (tailor's), 198.
Gorgon, 199.
gospelled, 208.
gouts, 186.
graced, 215.
grapples, 209.
grave (=*gravis*), 207.
Graymalkin, 151.
grooms, 189.
grow, 167.
gulf (=gullet), 229.

hail (dissyllable), 152.
hairs (pun on), 254.
hangman (=executioner), 190.
happy (=fortunate), 162.
harbinger, 168, 252.
harness (=armour), 252.
Harpier, 228.
having (=possession), 162.
heaven (plural), 183.
heavy (=drowsy), 183.
Hecate, 187, 222.
hedge-pig, 227.
here-approach, 241.
hermits (=beadsmen), 175.
him (=he), 254.
his (=its), 177.
his (=this one's), 240.
holds (=withholds), 226.
holp, 175.
home (=completely), 164.
homely, 237.
horses (monosyllable), 204.
hose (French), 198.
housekeeper (=watch-dog), 209.
howlet, 228.
human (=humane), 218.
hurlyburly, 151.
husbandry (=thrift), 183.
Hyrcan, 219.

Icolmkill, 205.
ignorant, 172.
ill-composed, 240.
illness (=evil), 169.
impress (=press), 233.
in (=in case of), 209.
in (omitted), 166.
in (repeated), 222.
incarnadine, 194.
inch (=island), 156.
Inchcolm, 156.
informs, 187.
initiate (adjective), 222.
insane (proleptic), 162.
instruments (of persons), 245
interest, 156.
intermission, 245.
intrenchant, 253.
Iona, 205.

jump (=risk), 177.
jutty, 174.

kerns, 153, 252.
kind'st, 184.
knell (=passing bell), 188.
knowings, 203.

laced, 200.
lack (=miss), 218.
lamp (travelling), 203.
lapped, 155.
large (=unrestrained), 214.
latch (=catch), 244.
lated, 213.
lavish (=insolent), 155.
leasings, 147.
leave (=leave off), 211.
leavy, 252.
leman, 132.
lesser, 162, 248.
liberal (=too free), 138.
like (=likely), 204.
lily-livered, 249.
limbeck, 181.
lime (=bird-lime), 236.
limited (=appointed), 199.
line (=strengthen), 164.
list (=lists), 208.
listening (transitive), 190.
lodged, 230.
loves (plural), 209.
luxurious (=licentious), 239

Macdonwald, 153.
magot-pies, 221.
mansionry, 174.
marry, 225.
martlet, 174.
mated (=bewildered), 247.
maukin (or mawkin), 152.
maw, 229.
meat (pronunciation), 215.
medicine, 248.
memorize, 154.
mere (=absolute), 240, 242.
metaphysical, 170.
mettle, 181.
mile (plural), 252.
minion (=darling), 153.
minutely (=every minute), 248.
mischief, 171.
missives (=messengers), 169.
mockery, 220.
modern (=ordinary), 243.
moe, 250.
monstrous (trisyllable), 225.
mortal (=deadly), 171, 218, 237.
mortality (=life), 200.
mortified, 247.
motives (persons), 238.
mousing, 204.
move, 236.
mummy, 228.
murther, 165.
muse (=wonder), 219.

napkin, 198.
naught, 245.
nave (=navel), 153.
near (=nearer), 202.
near'st, 209.
nice (=precise), 243.
nightgown, 194.
noise (=music), 233.
nonpareil, 214.
nor, 167, 199, 225.
Norways', 156.
Norweyan, 154.
note (=list), 213.
note (=notoriety), 212.
nothing (adverb), 163, 248.

oblivious, 250.
obscure (accent), 199.
o'ertook, 235.
of (=by), 225, 226.
offices, 184.
old (colloquial), 197.
on (=of), 162, 209, 247.
one (pronunciation), 187, 255.
once (=ever), 251.
opened, 239.
or ere, 243.
other (=others), 157.
other (=otherwise), 182, 250.
ourself, 207, 214.
ourselves (=each other), 215.
out (=in the field), 243.
overcome (=overshadow), 220.
owe (=own), 162, 167, 220, 251.
owl, 188.

Paddock, 152.
pall (=wrap), 171.
palter, 254.
parallel, 199.
parley, 199.
parted (=died), 254.
passion, 218.
patch (=fool), 249.
pearl, 254.
pent-house, 158.
perfect, 237.
perseverance (accent), 240.
pestered, 248.
physic (=cure), 199.
pight, 148.
place (in falconry), 203.
poorly, 194.
portable (=endurable), 240.
possess with, 244.
posset, 189.
posters, 158.
power (=army), 243.
predominance, 203.
present (=immediate), 156.
presently (=at once), 242.
pretence (=purpose), 202.
pretend (=intend), 202, 204.
probation (=proof), 208.
producing forth, 255.
profound, 223.
proof (=armour), 155.
proper (ironical), 218.
prophesying, 199.
proportion, 167.
protest, 248.
prowess (monosyllable), 254.
pull in, 252.
purveyor, 175.
push (=onset), 249.
put on (=set at work), 245.

quarrel, 153, 241.
quarry, 244.
quell (=murder), 181.

ravelled, 191.
ravin, 204.
ravined, 229.
rawness, 238.
readiness, 202.
ready (=dressed), 202.
receipt (=receptacle), 181.
received (=believed), 181.
recoil (=fall off), 238.
remembrance (quadrisyllable), 211.
remorse (=pity), 171.
require (=request), 214.
resolve yourselves, 210.
ronyon, 157.
roofed, 215.
rooky, 213.
Ross, 162.
round (=crown), 170, 231.
rouse (intransitive), 213 251.
royalty, 207.
rub, 210.
rump-fed, 157.

safe toward, 167.
sag, 248.
Saint Colme's Inch, 156.
saucy, 214.
say (=tell), 152.
scanned, 222.
scaped, 214, 245.
Scone, 204, 255.
scotched, 210.
screw, 180.
sear, 249.
season, 222.
seat, 174.
seated (=fixed), 165.
secret'st, 221.
security (=carelessness), 223.
seeling, 212.
seems, 170.
self (adjective), 255.
self-abuse, 222.
sennet, 206.
sense (plural), 247.
senses, 174.
sensible, 186.
sergeant (trisyllable), 152.
set down, 250.
sewer, 175.
shag-haired, 237.
shard-borne, 212.
shine, 206.
shipman, 157.
shoal, 177.
shoughs, 208.
should, 155, 160.
show (=appear), 153, 161, 252.
show (theatrical), 234.
shut up, 184.
sicken (=be surfeited), 230

sightless (=invisible), 171, 178.
Sinel, 162.
single (=weak, etc.), 165, 175.
sirrah, 236.
Siward, 241, 253.
skirr, 250.
slab, 229.
sleave, 191.
sleights, 223.
slivered, 229.
slope (transitive), 230.
slumbery, 246.
so (=as), 155.
so (omitted), 156, 162, 177, 178, 189, 190, 238, 240.
sole, 238.
solemn (=ceremonious), 206.
solicit (=move by prayers), 242.
soliciting, 165.
something (adverb), 209.
sometime, 175, 237.
sooth, 147, 154.
soothfastness, 147.
sorry, 190, 210.
speak (=say), 214.
speculation, 219.
spoken (=said), 243.
spongy (=drunk), 181.
sprights, 234.
spy o' the time, 209.
staff (=lance), 250, 253.
stamp (=coin), 242.
stanchless, 240.
start (=startle), 251.
state (=chair), 214.
station (=attitude), 254.
stay (=wait for), 241.
still (=always), 207, 254.
stir (=motion), 166.
stones (of judgment), 221.
strides, 187.
studied, 166.
stuff (contemptuous), 218.
success, 177.
sudden (=violent), 239.
summer-seeming, 240.
surcease, 177.
surmise, 166.
surveying, 154.
sway by, 248.
sweaten, 230.
syllable, 238.

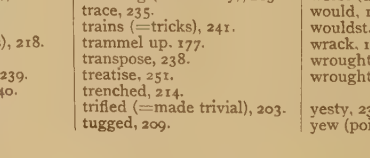
taint (=be infected), 248.
taking-off, 177, 255.
tale (=counting), 163.
teems (transitive), 243.
temperance (=self-restraint), 240.
tend (=attend), 154, 171.
tendance, 170.
tending, 170.
thaler, 156.
thane, 155.
that, 155, 240, 241, 245, 250.
the (=its), 179.
the which, 207, 254.
thee (dative), 183.
thee (=thou), 170.
thickens, 212.
think, 239.
thou, 250.
thought (=kept in mind), 209.
thralls (=slaves), 225.
threat (verb), 188.
tidings (number), 170.
timely (=betimes), 213.
timely (adverb), 199.
titles (=claims), 235.
to (=for), 238.
to (=in addition to), 207.
to (omitted), 215.
took off, 255.
top (crown), 231.
top (verb), 239.
top-full, 171.
touch (=sensibility), 235.
tour (=tower), 203.
toward (and towards), 186.
towering (in falconry), 203.
trace, 235.
trains (=tricks), 241.
trammel up, 177.
transpose, 238.
treatise, 251.
trenched, 214.
trifled (=made trivial), 203.
tugged, 209.
twofold balls, 234.
tyrant, 226.

undeeded, 253.
uneath, 132.
unmannerly (adverb), 199.
unrough, 247.
unspeak, 241.
upon a thought, 218.
uproar (verb), 240.
using (=cherishing), 210.
utterance, to the, 208.

valued (=valuing), 209.
vantage, 154, 164, 174.
vaporous (drop), 223.
venom (adjective), 228.
verity (=truthfulness), 240.
vessel, 208.
visards, 211.

wage (noun), 148.
warranted, 241.
wassail, 180.
water-rugs, 208.
weird, 158.
weird (dissyllable), 184.
what, 221, 253, 255.
whereabout, 187.
which (omitted), 253.
which (=who), 153.
while (=till), 207.
whiles, 169, 188, 213, 253.
who (=whom), 209, 215.
wholesome (=healthy), 240.
wish to (=invite), 254.
with (=by), 208.
with (=on), 236.
without (=beyond), 210.
witness, 192.
witnessed, 243.
worm (=serpent), 215.
worst (dissyllable), 209.
would, 178, 238, 244, 254.
wouldst, 169.
wrack, 164, 252.
wrought (=agitated), 166.
wrought (dissyllable), 184

yesty, 230.
yew (poisonous), 229.



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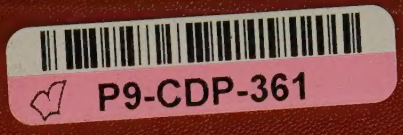
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